

# APPLETONS' JOURNAL

OF LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ART

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No. 86.—VOL. IV.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1870.

PRICE TEN CENTS.  
WITH SUPPLEMENT.

## GLIMPSES OF INDIAN LIFE.\*

### SNAPPING THE TWIG.

ONE of the most beautifully illustrative incidents of the knowledge which the Indian acquires of the habits of the animals he pursues as game, is displayed in hunting the elk, by what is called "snapping the twig." It is a "still hunt" throughout, and re-

### III.

on aggressive defence or speed. To hunt the animal successfully when he is resting through the day, with every faculty wide awake, is therefore a test of skill which the Indians, along the line reaching from Canada to the Pacific, justly feel is worthy of a warrior's skill. The habits of the animal are taken advantage of, to find a trail made by

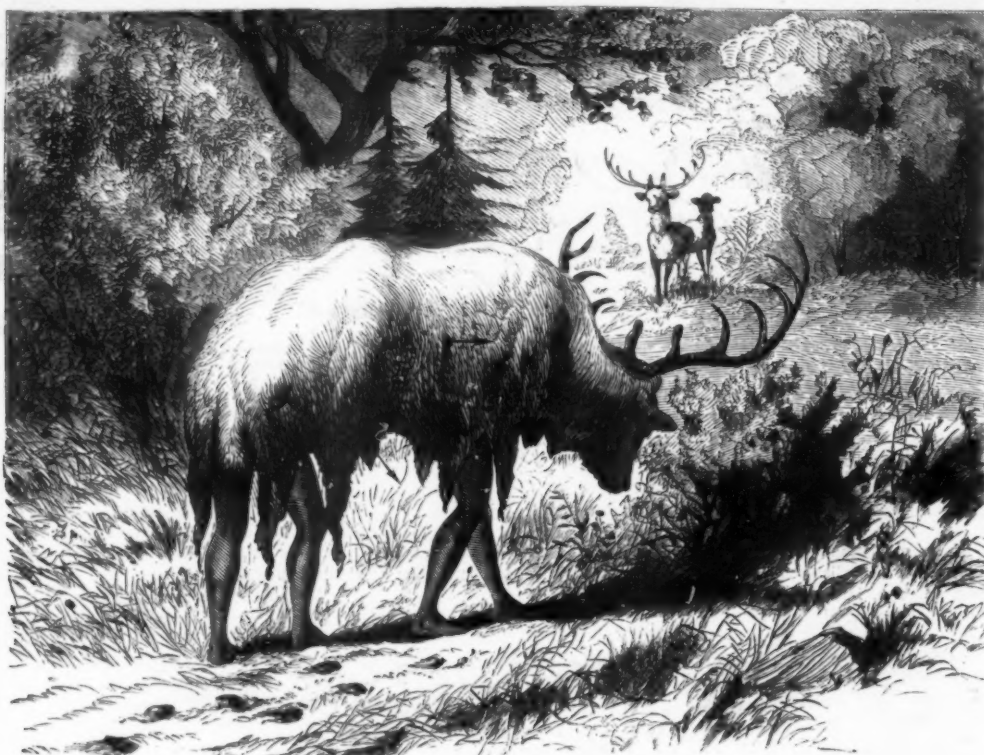


HUNTING THE ELK—SNAPPING THE TWIG.

quires a degree of patience and skill, to overcome the watchfulness and self-preserving resources of the elk, which is almost inconceivable. The elk, for self-protection, as an offset against many physical disadvantages, is possessed of the keenest scent, and the most exquisite hearing. It depends for safety more on precautionary measures than

him in going to his regular drinking-place. This done, the Indian hunters, one armed with a rifle and the other with a dry twig, know that the elk is spending his daylight repose somewhere along this trail, which may be a half mile in length. So acute is the hearing of the elk that these Indians have to approach this trail always from a right angle, with the greatest precaution, not even in their progress disturbing a leaf, or making the slightest sound by their footsteps. Coming to

\* Resumed from JOURNAL No. 73, August 30th.



INDIANS ELK-HUNTING IN MASQUERADE.

the trail in this way, they examine the footprints, and no well-written document is more plain in its story to the scholar than are these natural signs to the children of the forest. The fact is developed, for instance, that the elk is between the spot of the trail they have reached, and the water it drinks. Moving cautiously away at right angles, they make an immense circuit round, until they reach another spot in the trail. The sign now is, that the elk lies between the first and the last examined spots. Again the Indians patiently make another immense circuit, and strike the trail again—this time near enough to make a gun-shot calculation of the animal's resting-place. Approaching the trail the third, or possibly the sixth time, by this slow process, they are at last rewarded by distinguishing the elk's enormous antlers above the long grass and intervening brush. The Indian with his gun makes ready, and his companion *snaps his dry twig across his knee*. The elk springs upon his forelegs. The sound is not necessarily a suspicious one; it might have been made by another elk, or by a dried limb falling from a tree, and for an instant only he speculates; but this exceptional hesitation is fatal, for the hunter fires, and the noble animal falls dead in his track—a victim of the superior wiles of man.

#### HUNTING THE ELK IN MASQUERADE.

The "Northern Indians" have a method of hunting the elk in masquerade which is very picturesque, and of a kindred character with their brethren of the West, who use a disguise to kill the buffalo. The skin of an elk is carefully preserved, with the head and horns left intact. Two hunters pass this heavy, unwieldy mass over their heads and shoulders, the skull and horns often weighing sixty or eighty pounds. Thus equipped, and armed only with bows and arrows, the hunters make straightway to some previously-discovered feeding-place, where the elk in a drove are feeding on the long sage, or browsing on the limbs of the trees. The masquerade is perfect enough in motion and general action to deceive even the native quickened wits of the victimized animals. They take no notice of the intruders, and go on with their cropping, unconscious of danger. A proper point obtained, sometimes before they are alarmed, two or three noble

animals bite the dust, for the arrows do their deadly work without unnecessary noise. At last the herd take the alarm, and, giving a cry of terror, break away, but not until the now undisguised Indians fire one or two more deadly shots. Such are the novel and intellectual contests which call forth the wit of the woods.

#### HUNTING THE BUFFALO IN MASQUERADE.

The buffalo, or bison, formerly covered the "plains of the great West" in countless numbers. We say formerly, because, in a few years more, the railroad across the continent, and the attendant train of civilizing events, will confine the great American bison to narrower limits, and their constant destruction will make the spectacle of herds reaching from horizon to horizon an impossibility. There is something very grand in the appearance of these tremendous gatherings, these vast supplies of food, not only for the Indian, but for all the wild beasts of the field, and the vultures in the air. Following the buffalo-herd at a respectful distance, and ever ready to pounce upon a wounded animal, or upon the weak and inoffensive, is always to be seen the large white or Kiota wolf. It is one of the most rapacious and cruel of all the animals of prey, and is apparently the buffalo's most dangerous enemy. While feeding, the buffaloes keep the cows and young in the centre, and then, as pickets and skirmishers, have their strongest and most powerful bulls to fight off the ever-surrounding enemies, among which, as we have already stated, is the Kiota wolf.

The Indians, who are great students of Nature, study, for their individual benefit, the habits of all animals with which they come in contact. One of the favorite methods of entrapping the buffalo within reach of their deadly arrows, is to conceal their persons in the skin of the Kiota wolf. In this masquerade, they will make their appearance on the plains, and, perfectly imitating the eccentric actions of the animal they represent, they will travel on their hands and knees for miles if necessary, so as to approach the herd and its fierce guardians without exciting suspicion, for the buffaloes are excellent judges of the manners of the Kiota wolf, and the slightest variation from the original would defeat the Indian's object. As a rule, the hunter is



INDIANS BUFFALO-HUNTING IN MASQUERADE.



HUNTING THE BUFFALO ON FOOT.



successful. It is a grand sight to see the old veteran bisons standing on guard, jealously watching these disguised enemies, and rolling up their eyes in undisguised wrath, and clawing up great clods of the prairie, in demonstrative anger. When the Indians, who act in concert, reach shooting-distance, suddenly rising on their knees they seldom fail to drive their arrows through and through the tough and well-protected sides of their game. The herd now takes the alarm, and the Indians, dropping their disguise, manage to obtain one or more successful shots before the frightened animals beat their retreat from an enemy more terribly destructive than even the Kiota wolf.

This method is only pursued when buffalo are few in numbers, and wary from repeated hunts. Occasionally great herds will move toward a lodge, and then the Indian slays with the blood-thirstiness of the tiger. Possibly some stray animals may be surprised within the very sight of the inmates of the village; on such occasions, the young warriors show their courage and fleetness by pursuing the animals on foot. The scene is spirited, and, if it could be transferred to canvas, we should have a naked Apollo, graceful in action, perfect in form, to contrast with the huge and terrible-looking game.

## THE POISON OF ASPS:

A NOVELETTE.

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT (MRS. ROSS CHURCH).

"The poison of asps is under their lips."

"A lie that is all a lie may be met with and fought outright,  
But a lie that is part a truth is a harder matter to fight."

TENNYSON.

### CHAPTER IX.

THE effect of this unusual reserve, on the part of Marion, was to make Eugenia more silent and more cautious than she had been before; and, consequently, to strengthen any suspicion her sister may have formed against her. She seldom, if ever, now mentioned the name of her husband. The subject of India ceased altogether to pass her lips; and she avoided alluding to the past as scrupulously as speaking of the future. She was careful, also, to impress upon the servant that all letters which arrived for her were to be taken straight to her bedroom, instead of being placed, with the others, on the breakfast-table; and, this being a new rule with Mary Ann, her omission of it on one occasion drew down upon her such a reproof from Mrs. Archer as sent her complaining to the head of the household that, if she was to have more than one "missus," she'd rather leave at once.

Mrs. Beale was not the sort of woman to make Ash Grove agreeable to such as did not conform with all the rules she had laid down for it. The novelty of Eugenia's return being over, she was already half-inclined to be tired of the society of her daughter and grandchildren, and the tirade which followed her discovery of the indignity offered to her favorite, Mary Ann, was sufficient to make the recipient of it gnash her teeth with mortified pride, as she thought how impotent she was to take the trials so freely thrown out to her, and quit her mother's house at once. But still she remained there; not knowing else where she could go, or how support the little ones, who were worse than fatherless. Things were in this unpleasant state, when, one morning while dressing, according to her directions Mrs. Archer had a letter put into her hand—a letter which she turned over and over before she opened it, not being in the least able to divine from whom it could have come; for the address, though correct and legible, was in a strangely-cramped writing; and the envelope was not of the kind generally used by gentle people. But, as soon as she had opened it, she read the few words which it contained rapidly and several times over, and with each perusal became more agitated and less certain what she ought to do.

They ran thus:

"P. Q., of Charing Cross, is dangerously ill. Leave Fairmead by the eleven-o'clock train of Thursday, and one who is trustworthy shall meet you at the Waterloo Station. If there is any truth in the post, do not fail 'P. Q.' now."

And this, the day on which she had received the letter, was Thursday, and she must prepare to go at once. Eugenia felt stunned and shocked by the suddenness with which this ill news had been conveyed to her, and stood still in the middle of her dressing, staring at

the silent bearer of it as though the paper were a sentient being, and if it chose could tell her more. With her the expression, "dangerously ill," meant dying; and she felt that her husband must have been dangerously ill indeed before he would have disclosed so much of his carefully-guarded secret as to confide her name and address to the keeping of a stranger. And where could he be staying? Evidently not at the same place where she had left him, or there could be no occasion to send some one to meet her at the station, and conduct her to his side. Oh, what was this new calamity coming on her? Was he to die now, in the zenith of his manhood, in the midst of his sins, and leave her to struggle through the remainder of her days with that terrible secret on her soul? No; she must go at once. If Henry were dying, he must speak before he died; he must absolve her from a continuance of deceit, or life would be a burden to her; and, with that intent, Eugenia Archer hurried on the remainder of her clothing; resolved, if need be, to walk into Fairmead, sooner than lose the eleven-o'clock train. But then came the reaction! What excuse for this hurried flight was she to make to those down-stairs? It was the second time that she had suddenly left Ash Grove without a reasonable excuse to offer for her conduct, and, in the present state of affairs between her mother and herself, would the situation be accepted? In the former case she had at least had the welfare of "Do Mun" to plead as her unreasonable reason; but to-day she had not even that—she had nothing; she would appear to them as mad, as suddenly bereft of her senses, and they might think proper to set a watch over her—to frustrate all her plans, even to prevent her journey!

What could she say to them?

What she *could* say came into her mind at the same moment; and with it a look of deeper misery than had appeared there before.

"If I *must*, I suppose I *must*!" she cried, in a kind of despair; "but, God knows, it is hard to be made to despise one's self!"

And then she turned, from force of habit, and knelt to say her morning prayers; but rose quickly, with a flaming color in her face.

"No, no!" she muttered; "I am not so bad as that yet. My weakness and ignorance of what is best to be done make me sin; but I will not mock God by asking Him to bless a lie."

Yet the want of what she involuntarily relinquished made itself so apparent in her face that it was no wonder that her path was paved for her on her descent to the breakfast-room, by a simultaneous demand from all assembled there as to what could be the cause of the perturbation of her countenance.

"I have received bad news from London," she answered, thankful for the opening thus afforded her; "and I must go up there this morning. One of my friends is dangerously ill, and wishes to see me. I am very much distressed about it."

"One of your friends, Eugenia?" said Mrs. Elliot. "I did not know you had any intimate friends in London."

"Oh, yes. I have—the Turners; we were always together in Calcutta, and Annie Turner and I were almost like sisters. I dare say you have not heard me speak of them, because we have not often discussed my Indian life; but they were the best friends I had there."

"And is it Annie Turner who is ill, then?" demanded Mrs. Elliot; and Eugenia would not have known what to answer had not Amy, with the eagerness of youth, interposed the question:

"What is the matter with her?"

"I do not know," replied Mrs. Archer. "The note was evidently written in so great a hurry that it is the more alarming. It only says 'dangerously ill,' and that some one will meet me at the Waterloo station, so that I must go by the eleven-o'clock train. I feel very anxious and unhappy about it."

"Shall you sleep at the Turners', my dear?" said Mrs. Beale. "If so, I hope it is nothing infectious; there is a great deal of typhoid fever about London at this season. Where do your friends live?"

"At Bayswater," replied Eugenia.

"A very low situation," remarked her mother. "I hope if there is any suspicion of its being typhoid or gastric that you will not remain in the house. It would be a great risk for yourself and the children, to say nothing of Amy here."

"I will be careful; I will not forget my children nor Amy either," replied Mrs. Archer, and then she left the breakfast-room again to make arrangements for her journey; and sorely missed the active, affectionate help which Marion had been wont to render upon such occasions. She missed another thing also; she missed the objections



which a short time before she was sure her sister would have raised to her departure, and she felt as though no one but Tiny and Mopsy needed her at Ash Grove, and longed for means to leave it and live by herself. But, though she had sufficient for the one, she knew not how she should exist when she had done so, unless she used that money which she had almost sworn she would not touch.

With a fond embrace to her little ones, as she wondered under what circumstances she should meet them again, Mrs. Archer left Ash Grove at the appointed time, and ruminated on her sad prospects for at least four hours, until the train drew up beside the platform of Waterloo station. Then she sprang up, as from a reverie, and thrust her head out of the window, as she wondered what kind of a person it was that Henry would send to meet her. But, though a little crowd was assembled on the platform, and every moment she witnessed a fresh greeting between friends who had recognized each other, no one even seemed to glance inquiringly toward her countenance; and, alarmed lest she should miss the messenger, she left the railway carriage and mingled with her fellow-passengers.

Then a little exclamation, as though of surprise, reached her ears, and, turning whence it came, she saw, to her extreme annoyance, her old Calcutta acquaintance, Captain Oswald, bowing, with his hat in his hand. What unlucky wind had blown him there at that particular moment?

"Mrs. Archer! I thought I could not be mistaken!" he exclaimed, as he extended the hand of welcome. "Why, what a coincidence that I should have met you here! Have you just come up?—are you going to make any stay in London? How was Archer when you last heard from him? This is quite an unlooked-for pleasure!"

She could not but murmur a few polite words of gratification at the encounter, for she had seen a good deal of Captain Oswald in Calcutta, and liked his company; but she wished him any thing than at the Waterloo station at that moment, as her eyes roved up and down the platform in search of the person who was to be sent to meet her. How was she to account for his appearance to the man beside her? what history to give of her destination or her plans?

"Yes! it is most unexpected," she answered, with a feeble attempt at a smile, her eyes meanwhile keeping up their anxious search. "But I won't detain you, Captain Oswald—another time perhaps—but just now I am very hurried and in great distress, going to what may prove the death-bed of a very dear friend—I cannot stop to speak to you."

"Indeed! I am most concerned to hear it," said Captain Oswald, with whom Eugenia had always been a favorite. "But you will at least permit me to help you as far as lies in my power. Have you any luggage?—shall I get you a cab?"

"I have only a carpet-bag; I started in a great hurry," she said, confusedly. "But never mind it, Captain Oswald; I can see after that myself—besides, I have some one coming to meet me here."

"Oh, indeed! A gentleman or a servant? You must let me inquire about him for you, for the platform seems clearing to me. Are you certain you were to be met by this train?"

"They said so," she answered, faintly; but her heart sunk as she looked up and down the platform, and saw that every one there was occupied with his own business, and on the lookout for no one. What if Henry had forgotten her, or the messenger had proved faithless—where could she go to, or by what means find out his new address; she felt paralyzed at the mere idea. And, meanwhile, here was Captain Oswald, who had known her in all her prosperity, waiting for an answer to his pointed inquiries.

"There is scarcely any one left here now but the officials," he said presently, as the last cab, full of luggage, clattered through the station gates. "I really think you had better give up your friend as a bad job, Mrs. Archer, and allow me to put you in a fly. It will be by far the best plan; you might stand about here for hours."

She saw no other alternative herself, and therefore she permitted him to do as he proposed, and took her seat half-dumb with fear and anguish, and distressed perplexity.

"The carpet-bag is on the box; where shall I tell him to drive to?" demanded Captain Oswald, thrusting his head into the cab window.

"To—to the Strand!" stammered Eugenia, not knowing what to say in her confused condition.

"To the Strand?" repeated Captain Oswald, smiling; "but to

what part of the Strand? It is of no inconsiderable length, you must remember. What is the name of the street?"

"I don't know—I cannot recall it at this moment," she replied, with increasing indistinctness; "but I shall remember it as I drive along. No, Captain Oswald: pray don't come with me; my friend is very ill; I would rather go alone; only tell the man to drive toward the Strand," and, waving him from her in an agitated manner, Eugenia turned her burning face the other way, and kept it so until the cab was clear of Waterloo station.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Captain Oswald, as he replaced his hat on his head and prepared to leave the platform, "I wonder what lark that little woman's up to! Hope she's not going to the bad, for she's deuced nice-looking, and Archer ought to be able to keep her like a swell. Ah!"—with a profound sigh over the immorality of human nature—"I suppose it's the old story. And now for Mrs. Antoinette. I wonder what particular interest she can have in her sister's proceedings; hardly going to try and reform her, I should think! I've half a mind to put her on the wrong scent; but, after all, why should I? Mrs. Archer's journey to town must have been fair and above-board, and as for her destination, I know nothing of it, so I may as well keep in the good graces of my fair friend at Southmere."

Upon which Captain Oswald's half-mind resolved itself into the transcription of a letter to Mrs. Lennox, part of which was as follows:

"You have won your bet (if you ever made a bet upon the subject, which I don't believe). I was at the station, as you desired me, and your sister arrived by the four-o'clock train, looking very anxious and unhappy, and I had the pleasure of putting her into a cab. Her destination I am ignorant of, as she hardly seemed to know it herself, being disappointed in finding a friend to meet her; but she was driven in the direction of the Strand. I shall be down at Southmere on Saturday, and I expect to receive a warm welcome from you in return for my obedience to orders."

Meanwhile Eugenia, annoyed beyond measure at the *rencontre* which had just occurred, and little thinking it was part of a mean plot laid to injure her character, had instructed her cabman to drive to one of the small thoroughfares running at the back of Oxford Street, where the rooms in which she had parted with her husband were situated. For, if he had left them, she argued, the owners might be able to tell her where he had gone to; and, if that plan failed, she had hardly thought what she should do next. But, when she alighted at the door of the dirty little lodgings, situated over a small chandler's shop, and breathlessly inquired if they could inform her of the present address of the native servant she had left there, the woman, a slatternly creature, not used to speak to ladies, first stared her rudely in the face, and then replied that "the man was there still; that he had never left them, nor spoke of doing so."

"Oh, is he really!" exclaimed the wife, totally forgetting the character she had to maintain in the satisfaction of finding she was right; "and how is he by this time? better—out of danger? Has he a good doctor with him, and a nurse? Pray tell me at once, I am so very anxious to hear!"

But the mistress of the chandler's shop regarded her excited visitor without speaking.

"I don't know what you're a-talking about," she said, at length, "nor what man you mean—there's no one ill in this house, thank God, nor likely to be so."

"But my—the man, I mean the servant," replied Eugenia; "I heard that he was dangerously ill—that he—"

"You'd better go and speak to him yourself, for I've heard nothing about it," interposed the woman. "You'll find him up there," waving her hand toward the dark staircase as she spoke; and then, as Mrs. Archer began to stumble up it, she continued for her own benefit, "No, don't know nor don't care, either; and if it warn't for my husband's fancies, I wouldn't keep such a nasty creetur about my rooms for a single day, a-smoking and a-spitting wherever he go—no, that I wouldn't, not if his dirty skin was stuffed with gold;" with which the lady slammed her front-door and turned back into her shop, still grumbling.

Eugenia, meantime, bewildered by what she had just heard, and doubtful of the reception which might await her, had gained the door of her husband's sitting-room, and timidly knocked against it. A gruff "come in" invited her to enter, and the next moment she stood before him, hardly knowing how to explain her presence.

"Eugenia, is that you?" he exclaimed, with surprise, and then, the surprise over, displeasure took its place. "What the devil brings you here; didn't I tell you plainly that your coming was a risk?"

He was still disguised in his dark skin and native clothes, and had been smoking as she entered, and loling in an easy-chair—now he threw the end of his cigar away and advanced toward her; but she shrunk back as though afraid of him.

"Oh, Henry! I should have never come, you may be sure of that, after all that you have said about it, but I thought that you had sent for me. I heard that you were dangerously ill—I received a letter—look at it," she continued, with sudden energy, as she pulled the envelope from her travelling-bag. "Who can have written this; who can have sent it to the right address? it reached me only this morning."

He seized the paper from her, read it through, and then tore it in pieces with an oath.

"This is a trap!" he said; "this is some vile trap laid to catch me. What have you been saying?" he added, fiercely, turning round upon his frightened wife; "to whom have you been blabbing my secrets? It *must* be you, no one else could have communicated my address. This is the effect of some of your infernal gossiping propensities; what a fool I was ever to put myself into your power!"

"It is not the case!" she answered. "Henry, I swear by all that's holy, that I have never divulged your secret to a living soul!"

"It's a lie!" he answered, coarsely; "I don't believe a word of it. How else could this letter have been written?"

Then she drew herself up proudly, and no longer looked afraid of him.

"It is the *truth*," she said, in a firm voice; "but you may believe what you choose, Henry; I shall not take the trouble to repeat my assertion. I hastened here to-day, on the receipt of that letter, thinking that you needed me. Since you do not need me, the best thing I can do is to return at once."

"You shall return as soon as you have satisfied me on one or two points," he answered, turning the key in the lock, and motioning her toward a chair. She sunk into it gladly, for, her excitement being over, her weariness began to make itself felt.

"What do you wish to ask me?"

"Whom have you spoken with since I saw you last?"

"With no one—except my sisters and my mother and Amy Elliot."

"And you are sure that Antoinette extracted no information from you regarding my whereabouts? Now—no shuffling! look me in the face, that I may see that you are speaking truth."

"I am quite sure," she answered, steadily, doing as her tyrant required of her.

"And you have seen no one else?"

"No one—except Captain Oswald, at the Waterloo station, this afternoon."

"Oswald! d—n it! You don't mean to say you were such a fool as to speak to him?"

"I could not help it! He recognized me at once and came forward. I dismissed him as quickly as I could."

"He did not hear where you were driven to?"

"No; I ordered the cabman to drive toward the Strand. Of course it must have seemed strange, but how was I to act? That letter, which I took as coming from yourself, said that a messenger should meet me. I seemed to have no alternative."

"No alternative!" he exclaimed, angrily; "do you know that you may have ruined me? Why, your hesitation alone must have shown Oswald that there was a mystery; and the mere knowledge of a mystery is sufficient to make some men follow it to the close. Your folly may be the means of discovering every thing—curse you!"

"I did it for the best," she murmured.

His vehement accusations so oppressed her, that she felt as though she could not stand against them.

"For the best!" he scornfully repeated. "I suppose it was for the best that you let my secret leak out by dribblets, to one curious fool and another, till all the circumstances of your communication with me have become known; and I suppose it was for the best, that you rushed up to town this morning, in such hot haste that that alone is sufficient to throw suspicion on your actions; and burst into this house, so full of questions and anxiety, that the people will never believe again that I am only what I profess to be. Curse all such doings 'for the best,' say I! The worse would be better than they!"

"Oh, Henry! I wish that I had never come!" she sobbed; "but indeed I did so fully believing what I read. I thought that you were ill, and wanted me. Had it been the case—"

"Had it been the case," he interrupted her, "you may be quite sure I should never have sent for you. You're the last person that I wish to see, until my affairs are put straight again. Your presence is a risk to me; it is more than a risk—it is an annoyance."

"I will go," she said, in a low voice, rising from her chair. "Let me go, Henry, and I will promise never to trouble you again."

She strove to pull the shawl about her shoulders, which had fallen from them as she spoke; and he lifted it for her, and unlocked the door, and otherwise behaved more quietly. He was a little ashamed of his harsh words when he saw that she made no reply to them; and, before they parted, he strove to make her some amends.

"You see, Eugenia," he commenced, "it would be all very well if things were straight; but in the present state of affairs—and now, with this letter, we must be doubly cautious; and these people will talk, naturally, of a lady coming here, and—"

"I see—I see it all," she answered; "I will not come here again." And then, without even a farewell shake of the hand, she turned from him, and blindly groped her way into the lower passage.

"I hope you found the servant right enough, ma'am," said the landlady, barricading egress with her sloppy person. "I'm sure as Barratt and me, we've done every think as lay in our power for to render things pleasant to him; and if he have any complaint to make, I hope as you'll inform us of it, and—"

"Oh! none, none at all," was the hurried reply; "he is quite comfortable—every thing is right. Good-evening to you!" and, scarcely knowing what she was about to do, Eugenia turned into the crowded street. But there, the sight of the cab which had brought her, still standing at the door, with her carpet-bag upon the box, recalled her to herself, and, getting into it, she desired the driver to take her to the same hotel where she had stayed on coming up to town before. To return to Ash Grove, under two or three days' absence, she felt would be too suspicious to be safe; and, therefore, for that length of time she lay hid, hardly leaving her own rooms, and certainly not eating enough to justify the bill presented to her on departure. But she was too unhappy and dispirited to concern herself about any such minor troubles of life, and crept back to Ash Grove like a criminal, feeling that she would rather undergo any torture than the string of questions which she felt awaited her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## AN ADVENTURE OF CORNEILLE'S.

TRANSLATED FROM "DAHEIM," BY LAWRENCE SOUTHWOOD.

IN the year 1636, the stage of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, at Paris, was particularly splendid. At the present day, the decorations display far greater pomp, perhaps; the appointments, furniture, and other appendages, dazzle the eye by the brilliant manner in which they are gotten up; but, at that time, the spectators themselves gave to the whole arrangement an especial splendor and charm, it being the custom for a part of the spectators to be seated upon the stage, where, on either side of the scenes, stood rows of chairs. These chairs were occupied by brilliantly-dressed ladies and cavaliers; the most sumptuous toilets formed a kind of frame for the actors, who sometimes found themselves in the midst of spectators. On extraordinary occasions, when lovers of the theatre flocked to the hôtel, the possession of such a seat near the scenes excited the greatest envy of the less fortunate, whose eyes were vainly turned to the wished-for tabourets.

An occasion of this kind was the representation of Corneille's "Cid." It was a dramatic *fête*, since everybody knew that the Academicians and the public, the court and Cardinal Richelieu, looked forward to this evening, and to the result of the whole performance, with the greatest interest. The tabourets on the stage, the reserved seats, had, therefore, been engaged a long time previous, and the young Chevalier de Rieux rejoiced when the superintendent of the Hôtel de Bourgogne pointed out his place to him.

Paris was in a great flutter on the evening of the performance. Already at that time a play had the power to carry along with it the easily-excited masses. They jostled, elbowed, and threw insults at one another, to get into the theatre. The possessors of the reserved seats strode through these contending groups with smiling looks and a kind

of heroic repose; they knew they should find their seats, and this made them feel happy.

The young Count Rochefort appeared upon the stage. It was not quite dark, and the places could not yet be occupied; but then it was so pleasant to loiter in this locality where an event of importance to the dramatic art was preparing; the triumph or defeat of a gifted poet, whose talent Cardinal Richelieu envied, himself anxious to pass for as great a poet as statesman! Rochefort, then, went upon the stage. He knew precisely where his seat was, but, to his surprise, he found it already taken. The Chevalier de Rieux, elegantly attired, was reclining upon the tabouret of which Rochefort was about to take possession.

"Chevalier, friend," said the count, "you mistake, this is my seat. I expressly told Léonard yesterday where my tabouret was." Léonard was the superintendent.

"Count," replied Rieux, scarcely moving, "you mistake. Léonard himself showed me to this seat. I came here early, because I wished to avoid every conflict that may easily occur when there is such crowding."

"But I am positive. It was the sixth tabouret in the second row," growled Rochefort.

"That very one is mine."

"Pardon me if I doubt it."

"Ah, count, this is strong. I pledge you my word—"

"Dear Rieux, I respect your word; but you certainly will admit that a person is liable to error. A mistake of the memory is easily to be excused."

"I have made no such mistake, sir."

"Then you have usurped a place which does not belong to you."

"That is an insult."

"It was intended for one," cried Rochefort.

Many spectators had meanwhile arrived, the greater part of whom were well acquainted with both gentlemen. They were mostly cavaliers of the court, and the insult was a public one, which could be atoned for in no other way than by Rochefort asking pardon, or by Rieux instantly giving a challenge. The latter was done.

"Count," said Rieux, very composedly, "you will give me a proof that your sword is as ready and sharp as your tongue. To-morrow we shall meet. You will learn where this evening, unless you decline my challenge."

"I!" cried the count, "I decline a challenge? You are adding a fresh insult, sir. I accept your challenge."

"I am obliged. But that you may see that I am gallant even toward my adversaries, I give up this tabouret also. I am going to the pit to witness the play."

"And I shall accompany you thither, sir."

Both gentlemen left the stage. The tabouret remained unoccupied, and the spectators soon forgot this scene. Amid the enthusiastic applause of the numerous audience, the performance concluded.

Before the beginning of the piece, Corneille had experienced that extreme restlessness which comes over all great persons on the approach of a decisive moment. Those of little consequence are much happier; they, for the most part, imagine that success cannot fail them. Talent is seldom satisfied with itself. But Corneille had yet another reason to be somewhat excited. He knew that his eminence, Cardinal Richelieu, was no particular friend of his. Now, on the morning of the day fixed for the representation, the Marquis de Suze had visited Corneille. This gentleman was esteemed a *bel esprit*, and Louis XIII. patronized him greatly. The marquis, having reached the house in the Rue des deux Ecus, ascended three flights of stairs, and entered the modest little chamber occupied by Corneille when he came to Paris from Rouen, his native place.

"Dearest sir," said De Suze, after Corneille had forced him to take a seat, "I rejoice at your highly-probable success."

"Let us hope so, marquis."

"Not a doubt of it, I have read the 'Cid.' Every word is a pearl." According to the ideas then prevailing, De Suze was perfectly right.

"Ah, marquis," said Corneille, "you give me great hopes. Yes, if the audience will but understand all my words rightly—"

"There are a great many," said the marquis.

"Do you find too many words?"

"No, certainly not. I find nothing to cross; but his majesty, the king, is of a different opinion."

"Ah—what?" said Corneille, pale as death. "I am to omit something?"

"It is only a trifle. Not that the king is offended at any passage in your work—no. On the contrary, the omission which the king desires is even a kind of compliment to you, for it proves what great influence his majesty thinks your work capable of exerting upon men's minds."

"The passage! The passage!"

De Suze drew a book from his pocket. He had placed a mark in it. "See," said he, "it is the passage in the scene of the second act, where Count Gormas speaks of duels:

'Les satisfactions n'apaisent point une âme;  
Qui les reçoit n'a rien, qui les fait se diffamer  
Et de pareils accords l'effet le plus commun  
Est de perdre d'honneur deux hommes au lieu d'un!'

You know," continued De Suze, "how earnestly his majesty is striving to stay the evils of duelling, and, when such words are pronounced by you, the honored poet, it almost amounts to a glorification of that horrible custom. His majesty, therefore, requests you to strike out these four verses."

Corneille found it hard to control himself; at length he said, sadly: "To take four verses from a poet, sir—'tis the same as wresting from his majesty one of his finest fortresses."

The marquis gently dissented, and Corneille, who had, indeed, feared much more from the cardinal's deceit, agreed to strike out the verses. De Suze went away content, but the poet, whose depression of spirits was not wholly removed, did not cheer up again until, in spite of the four lines omitted, the piece was greeted by the audience with the greatest enthusiasm.

When the multitude, still possessed by the enjoyment prepared for them by the poet and players, hastened out of the theatre into the street, Corneille, cheerful and happy, ascended to his modest little room. In the midst of the human tide, however, two persons walked silently beside each other. They were Rochefort and Rieux. The two angry young men had scarcely looked at each other during the performance. Whether the composition held them captive, or whether their anger and poor places made them insensible to all that had gone before, they gave their entire attention to the play. And perhaps the many really beautiful and noble thoughts which the poet clothed in words had put them both into a more conciliatory frame of mind. They said to themselves that they had witnessed the performance even without possessing the foolish tabouret; that, after all, it would be childish to fight for no better reason than not having obtained a seat near the scenes. The count first broke the silence by addressing a few words to Rieux. The latter answered. They chatted about the piece, and, just as they had entered the Rue Dauphine, Rieux said: "I have quite forgotten the place, count, where I wished you to appear to-morrow."

"If you think as I do," Rochefort laughingly replied, "you will give yourself no further trouble to recall it."

"Agreed!" cried the chevalier; "all is forgotten."

Accident, however, frequently plays a most important part, and so it did in this case. Just at the moment of reconciliation, a cavalier, attended by two lackeys, turned the corner of the Rue Dauphine.

"Welcome, gentlemen," he cried, to the reconciled combatants; "unfortunately, you had poor places. But it is a magnificent work, is it not?"

"Certainly, Monsieur de Suze," said Rochefort. "We two, Monsieur de Rieux and myself, enjoyed all the beauties of Corneille's composition, notwithstanding our poor places."

"I am convinced of it," returned De Suze; "an audience rarely has such unabridged enjoyment as this evening. The Academy is usually cruel enough to strike out a good many things, and, what it does not do, the five accomplish." The five were Bois-Robert, Colletet, L'Etoile, Rotron, and Corneille. These five authors were obliged to write one act each on plots dictated to them by the cardinal. It was this dramatic vassalage, against which Corneille loudly spoke, that had deprived him of the cardinal's favor.

"Corneille is himself one of the five," said Rieux; "he would not have suffered his play to be mutilated."

\* Asking pardon does not soothe the soul; who grants it, has nothing; who asks it, debases himself; and the common effect of such adjustments is to dishonor two persons in place of one.



"Nevertheless," interposed De Suze, "a slight amputation was made. But it was done at the king's command."

"And where?" asked Rochefort.

Unfortunately for the repose of the two gentlemen, De Suze was a *bel esprit*. He had impressed the omitted verses on his mind, and instantly recited them with great expression. He did not, to be sure, know that Rieux and Rochefort had been within a hair's-breadth of crossing swords, that they had just become reconciled, and therefore, judging by Corneille's verses, stood convicted of miserable poltroonery. The effect of the verses instantly became apparent. Rochefort laid his hand angrily upon his sword, and Rieux cried loudly:

"Corneille is right—who seeks reconciliation, is dishonored; who accepts it, is a scoundrel!"

"Yours are the right sentiments," cried Rochefort. "To-morrow, then—where?"

"On the Pré-aux-Clercs."

"At what hour?"

"Seven in the morning."

"I shall be there."

"I shall expect you." And, like madmen, both hastened off in different directions.

The Marquis de Suze stood for some moments as if rooted to the spot. He could not account for the occurrence. At length he had taken his resolution.

"The king might deal very roughly with me," he muttered, "should this thing transpire. H'm—it is ten o'clock. There is yet time. Quickly to the Marquis de Verdes; he will know what he has to do. Oh, these poets! they produce much that is beautiful, but much mischief also."

Corneille, as will easily be understood, was very happy. But, after such a triumph, the feverishly-boiling blood, which may be compared to the excited sea, cannot easily be calmed. Corneille felt how all the various emotions of anxiety and hope were still vibrating in his heart. He longed to have his family here in this little room; he wished for somebody to whom he might impart his joy, his triumph. The solitude oppressed him. Many-colored pictures of what he had just beheld danced before his vision; the brilliant court-circle, the numerous and stormily-applauding audience, the glare of the lights, the congratulations, the noise of the enthusiasts, contrasted too powerfully with the plain, quiet room in which the poet was walking up and down, struggling for the repose of which success had robbed him. Corneille had achieved this triumph *himself*. He had needed the aid of no one in creating this work; no other authors had contributed their parts, as was the case with the great cardinal's contemptible productions. Engrossed by these thoughts, Corneille did not hear the rapping at the door of his room, which had already been repeated. At length he cried, "Come in." The door opened, and before the poet stood a surpassingly-beautiful young lady, whose graceful figure the long brown cloak could scarcely hide. From the hood, however, peeped the charming little face, which could be quite distinctly seen by the light of the cresset held by the lady. Corneille gazed in astonishment at the unexpected visitor. "Mademoiselle?" he asked.

"Pardon me, Monsieur Corneille," said the young lady, in a slightly-tremulous voice, "pardon me for coming to your silent room at such an unsuitable time, alone, and on an evening fraught with such agitation to you; but my visit concerns an affair of great moment. Your play is magnificent."

The poet smiled complacently, stammering some "ohs" and "h'ms."

"Nay, Monsieur Corneille, it is indeed a noble piece; but, unfortunately, it has yet done great mischief."

"I pray you, be seated," said Corneille, pushing a chair toward her, for now he first perceived that, impolitely enough, he had not requested his pretty visitor to take a seat. "A misfortune? Through my piece?" he quickly asked, while the lady seated herself.

"Yes, Monsieur Corneille. Listen. In their desire to obtain a seat on the stage, two cavaliers, the Sieurs de Rieux and de Rochefort, came to such a violent rupture that a challenge was the result. The glorious language of your play probably caused the two antagonists to forget their whole quarrel, for, when the theatre was out, the 'Cid' concluded, the two gentlemen also left in a far more tranquil mood, and—were reconciled."

"You see, mademoiselle," said Corneille, "that is a proof of

the conciliatory ideas pervading my play; my 'Cid' cannot be made answerable for a quarrel about a seat on the stage."

"Oh," cried the lady, "all will be clear to you presently. Were you not obliged, at the king's desire, to suppress or omit four verses in your drama?"

"Yes," replied Corneille, a little disconcerted.

"Well, these *omitted* lines have caused the mischief. When the reconciled gentlemen arrived at the Rue Dauphine, they met M. de Suze. All three spoke of your play, and M. de Suze related that he had been at your house this morning to request, in the king's name, the omission of four verses. On the gentlemen's praying him to recite the verses, M. de Suze was instantly ready—he has a direfully good memory—and no sooner had he delivered the suppressed lines, than the quarrel between the two cavaliers broke out afresh. They again challenged each other, they separated in hot resentment, and I therefore believe that your composition, Monsieur Corneille, contained something so very stirring as powerfully to rekindle the scarcely pacified minds of these two gentlemen."

Corneille was hardly able to repress a smile of pride. His poetry producing so powerful an impression upon men that they were unable to escape from it—this was, indeed, a triumph. "Mademoiselle," said he, "the verses, which have wrought this mischief, were not the worst in my play, their effect proves this to me."

"But, monsieur, it is terrible that two young, brave men, or one of them at least, should be killed by a few verses, by verses which—well, they may be very good; I do not know them—"

"Les satisfactions n'apaisent point une âme;  
Qui les reçoit n'a rien, qui les fait se diffamer,  
Et de pareils accords l'effet le plus commun  
Est de perdre d'honneur deux hommes au lieu d'un,"

recited Corneille, proudly.

"There it is!" cried the lady, shocked. "And you can call such verses beautiful?"

"I sincerely believe they are."

"Oh, Monsieur Corneille, these verses will, perhaps—nay, they will surely be the misfortune of my life; for, if the Chevalier de Rieux is killed, my happiness will be *entirely* destroyed. I love him. Should Count Rochefort fall by the chevalier's sword, the latter must wander about the world a fugitive; for the king is vigilant and severe in enforcing the law against duellists. In either case, therefore, your wicked verses will have made me wretched."

"Ah," said Corneille, "now I understand, mademoiselle, why you take such a lively interest in the issue of this quarrel. Happy Chevalier de Rieux," he gallantly added, looking at the beautiful young lady, whose face was flushed with excitement, and in whose eyes shone tears.

"Monsieur le chevalier," she entreated, "oh, help! Save!"

"But how?"

"You must try to prevent the duel."

"How can I do that?"

"The poet must find the solution. Assume that the whole was but a fiction, that you had written a piece of which the close was to be conciliatory, that there was to be a prevention of a duel—"

Corneille paced the room hurriedly; his brain was at work. It seemed as if he were really studying to solve the problem—the adventure had something attractive. "And with whom have I the honor of speaking?" he asked, stopping.

"I can put confidence in you. You are not only a renowned poet and writer, you are a gentleman also. I am the daughter of the Marquis de Verdes."

Corneille bowed. The name of this ancient and powerful family urged him still more strongly to assist the young marquise.

"To prevent the mischief," continued the marquise, "Monsieur de Suze hastened to my uncle's house. The latter instantly came to us. My father is greatly alarmed; but I acted by hastening, without apprising any one of my intention, to you, whose words have effected all this evil."

"Happy chevalier!" again said Corneille. "Ha! it is almost like 'Rodrigo and Ximene.'"

"Oh, let your poetical studies alone now," implored the marquise, "and ponder how you can prevent the impending blow. If Rieux falls, then I too shall die; then—"

"Calm yourself," interrupted Corneille; "I hope to have found a means."

"Indeed? What is it?"

"That is my affair. The duel is to take place to-morrow?"

"At the seventh hour of morning."

"And where?"

"On the Pré-aux-Clercs—the usual place for duels."

"Good. I shall be present and try to prevent the duel."

"Thanks—a thousand thanks! And I shall receive word instantly?"

"Yes. But whither must I bring it?"

"I shall be in the vicinity of the Pré-aux-Clercs. You will find me in the Rue Saint-Thomas, before the Hôtel Coiffier, in a sedan."

"All is settled, then. May Heaven give its blessing!"

"May it give you, as ever, happy thoughts!"

"I can calculate upon that with a tolerable degree of certainty."

"My sincere thanks, M. Corneille. Adieu."

"May I escort you?"

"I thank you. One of my servants is waiting for me before the house." She enveloped her charming face in the hood, and hastily left the poet's room.

Corneille stood lost in thought. His wish for company had been speedily gratified. "A charmingly beautiful lady," he murmured; "I must help her. Still, I ought to be cautious; the women have already caused me many bitter hours." Corneille thought of his unhappy love; but yet he smiled at those remembrances. The melancholy end of that attachment had led him into the arms of poetry. Of course, he no longer thought of sleeping; he would have been too greatly excited for that, even if what was just recorded had not taken place. So, when the morning-sun sent its light through the little windows, the poet threw his cloak around him and left the room. Descending the stairs, he stepped into the still deserted street. The morning-mist was sailing along the house-tops and struggling with the sun.

Corneille stopped at the Pré-aux-Clercs. He had not long to wait. Soon enough the two gentlemen appeared, entering the arena from different directions, and with them Monsieur de Suze. They saluted each other in silence, threw off their cloaks, and drew their swords, again energetically refusing de Suze's proffered mediation. Corneille now thought it time to step between the combatants. At sight of him, all recoiled.

"Monsieur Corneille!" cried de Suze. "What brings you hither?"

"The lively desire to make peace. Say nothing, sir; I know all. Yes, to make peace, which you, Monsieur de Suze, have destroyed by a strange assumption of authority."

"I?" said the marquis, in surprise.

"Yes. By four verses, stricken out of my play, these two gentlemen here—I know it—have been incited to take up again an affair of honor, already adjusted. This would not have happened, had you, Monsieur de Suze, quoted them *correctly*. Gentlemen," continued he, turning to Rochefort and Rieux, "the marquis changed my verses. I shall repeat them correctly and accurately to you—this is why I am here:

'Les satisfactions valent mieux que le glaive,  
Qui les reçoit fait bien, qui les dit, se relève.  
Et l'effet bien heureux de ces accords admis  
Est au lieu d'un meurtre de faire deux amis.'

Corneille spoke these words with all the force of expression at his command, and with so much fire, that the two antagonists, without saying a word, held out their hands to each other. But Monsieur de Suze fiercely approached the poet.

"Monsieur Corneille," cried he, "you lie!"

Corneille retreated a step, laid his hand upon his sword, and said: "Monsieur le marquis, you will oblige me by drawing—these two cavaliers are witnesses." He instantly threw himself into a fencing-attitude. "Come," he cried, "I accept the change you permitted yourself to make in my verses. I reject a reconciliation."

The marquis hesitated. "Corneille," he said, at length, holding out his hand to the poet, "let each have his own. You accept the change I made *yesterday*, I am satisfied with the one you make *to-day*. We are quits. Your hand."

Corneille gave it to him. "Marquis," he said, in a whisper, "for the sake of a good deed one may, indeed, make bad verses; but bad verses and lack of courage to boot is not possible."

\* More potent than the sword is reconciliation. Who accepts it, does well; who offers it, shows himself brave. And the happy effect of such agreements is, to make two friends in place of a murderer.

"Not with you, Corneille. You measure your verses as excellently as you would measure your antagonists with the sword," laughed De Suze.

All four returned home in good spirits.

"Walk a few steps in advance of me, I have *another rendezvous*," said Corneille, hastening to the Hôtel Coiffier. The young marquise was as punctual as the duellists. Corneille found the sedan.

"Well?" cried the expectant lady, popping out her charming head through the sedan-window.

"All is over; the quarrel happily composed."

"The duel?"

"Did not take place."

"Heaven be thanked; you are not only a poet, you are an angel. Adieu for to-day; I can never be properly grateful to you." She drew back her head, and, pulling the bell-rope on the door, her servants bore away the sedan.

An hour after, Corneille had left the three gentlemen and regained his room, a note from the Marquis de Verdes was handed him. "The Marquis de Verdes requests M. Corneille to honor him with his company at noon to-day, and to partake of the family dinner."

Corneille went. Among the numerous company he saw Rieux and Rochefort, as also M. de Suze. They acted as if nothing had occurred. The young marquise, too, saluted the poet respectfully; but she smiled furtively, and placed her hand upon her heart, as if to express her gratitude. All paid homage to Corneille.

"Is it true, Monsieur Corneille," asked the Baron de Guercheville, "that you have omitted some of your verses?"

"It is, baron. I yielded to a pressing request."

"Pray, let us hear them," cried De Guercheville.

"Permit me, baron, to keep those verses secret," said Corneille, throwing a side-glance at the four concerned in the adventure; "such poetical stragglers sometimes create mischief. People are apt to imagine that verses have been stricken out for personal reasons, and refer the thoughts to themselves, thus causing differences and conflicts; besides which, when a poet is to be particularly unfortunate, persons will be found who recite the omitted verses quite incorrectly. Let what has been taken away from the piece, continue away; it is of interest only to the injured poet when preparing a complete edition of his works. There, baron, you will one day find the omitted verses."

## THE DAME OF OSSIPÉE.

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON

HIGH in New-Hampshire's heart is set,  
With lovely islands studded o'er,  
A deep, clear lake of crooked shore,  
Whose name exhausts the alphabet.  
And many a mountain-peak looks down  
Complacent on its guarded sleep;  
And gleams from wooded slope and steep  
The spire of many a little town.  
There quaintly, like a swan in prose,  
The small white steamer takes her sail—  
Through mirrored islets lightly goes,  
And crosses many a garden gale  
Fresh from the arms of blossomed trees  
That blush all round the sheltered coast,  
And bears on board a merry host,  
Whose lives seem spent on summer seas.  
There still the stage-coach holds its way,  
With all its comforts, all its ills,  
And rumbles down at early day  
To drag its burden through the hills—  
The mountain-trunks, piled mountain-high,  
The throng that round the ladder meet,  
Who pass the Scripture warning by,  
And scramble for the highest seat.  
The sandy highway, fringed with green,  
By sparkling water-courses led  
Along some ancient river's bed,  
With wealth of interval between,  
Winds upward toward the mountain-range,  
As journeys one in morning dream,  
And bridges many a murmuring stream,

And revels in continual change.  
 Just over there the mountains lie  
 The quiet brood of quiet sky.  
 Just over there their shadow falls—  
     We wind through many a narrow dell,  
     And vale whose bounds more gently swell,  
 Right onward toward the rocky walls;  
 And still through this delusive air  
     Their rugged sides above us bend  
     And seem to mark our journey's end,  
 Just over there, just over there.

So riding on a summer day,  
     Behind four sleek and heavy beasts,  
 Before a clerk in trim array,  
     Beside the most superb of priests,  
 Above two city families  
 Long gasping for a country breeze,  
 With driver very much inclined  
 To have his joke and speak his mind,—  
 I saw the clouds, in tatters dressed,  
 Come clambering o'er the mountain-crest,  
 Now tumbling here, now settling there,  
 Now buoyed a while by denser air,  
 Now clinging to some rocky ledge,  
     In sunlight dark, in shadow pale,  
 Creep slowly down as if to wage  
     An Indian warfare on the vale.  
 Our leaders snuff the coming shower,  
 And put forth more determined power;  
 Our wheels more eager crunch the sand;  
 We grasp the rail with firmer hand,  
 Hold hats against the stiffening breeze,  
 More nimbly dodge the drooping trees,  
 Fall helpless in the ambushed jolts,  
 Dream timidly of breaking bolts,  
 Suspend a while the anxious breath  
 Where one misstep might hurl to death,  
 Dash at the low hill's rocky face,  
 Spin like a peg-top round its base,  
 Go thundering through the heaving bridge,  
 And roll along the causeway's ridge,—  
 Till horses, driver, men and freight  
     Seem but an animated whole,  
 With one quick impulse all elate,  
     The thrill of one impassioned soul.

There comes a crack, a crash, a fall!  
     And priest and driver, clerk and I,  
     Shot from our airy perch on high,  
 Land in a huddle, one and all  
 Receiving a promiscuous thump,  
 With here a scratch and there a bump.  
 The sight is dim, the senses reel,  
     The thoughts confused fly to and fro;  
 And yonder the seceding wheel  
     Goes splashing in the creek below.  
 The horses, trained by skilful hand  
     To know the dangers of the road,  
 Halt in a moment, squarely stand  
     Like rocks against the tumbling load,  
 And faithful hold their precious charge,  
     While fathers shout, and mothers faint,  
 And startled sleepers lift their plaint,  
 And frightened children cry at large.  
 Hard by, an elm a century old  
     Droops gracefully with age's weight,  
 Whose fibres grip with trembling hold  
     The hinges of a painted gate—  
 Much as a grandsire musing takes  
     A grandchild's plaything in his fingers,  
 And smiles, as dozing memory wakes,  
     A sombre smile, and o'er it lingers.  
 The little gate wide open swings,  
     With all-sufficient creak and clatter;

And two small, sun-browned human things  
     Come barefoot forth, with rustic platter  
 On which their childish hands have piled,  
     By nicely geometric courses,  
 Red pyramids of berries wild,  
     To tempt our taste and coax our purses.  
 Alas! they find the market flat,  
     Quite broken down and heavy, very—  
 The buyers thanking Heaven that  
     They've missed a different kind of bury.  
 Both pause at once, and moving not a  
     Limb or a muscle, mutely stand  
     Forgetful of the traffic planned,  
 Like statuettes in terra cotta;  
 Until the larger whispers "Nanny,"  
 And bids her go and tell their granny.

The child runs back; the dame appears—  
 A stately form in spite of years;  
 A soul that sadly stands at gaze  
 Across the bounds of narrow days,  
 Or leans beyond the little sod  
 Whereon her patient feet have trod;  
 A tranquil mind that knows at length  
 All its own weakness and its strength;  
 A face that seems to scorn the taint  
 Of smooth deceit or dull complaint,  
 The lines that fading beauty mar  
 Worn lightly as an honored scar.  
 With simple phrase, in words refined,  
 She speaks her sympathetic mind,  
 Points to the storm not far aloof,  
 And offers hospitable roof.  
 We follow through the little gate  
     And down a lane of evergreen,  
 Where the brown cottage sits sedate  
     The garden and the brook between.

Safe housed at once, each sets about  
 Some scheme to wear the minutes out:  
 The priest draws forth a pocket Plato;  
     The clerk gnaws daintily a fig;  
 The eldest boy gets a potato,  
     And makes a noisy whirligig;  
 The ladies—well, the ladies pass  
 From hand to hand a little glass,  
 In which they take alternate squints  
 And give their toilets proper hints;  
 One boy eats cake enough to choke;  
 One father seeks a place to smoke;  
 The other mutters of "expenses"—  
     I see, by looks he cannot curb,  
     His thoughts decline a wicked verb  
 Through all its various moods and tenses.

But I from all their projects turn:  
 My mind dwells on the ancient dame,  
 And from her lips I long to learn  
     By what adventure here she came.  
 Oh, ne'er was practised nicer art,  
     And never tongue more cautious moved,  
 When lover sought of maid beloved  
 The secret of her throbbing heart,  
 Than I put forth that day, to test  
     My theories of humankind,  
     If I perchance the source might find  
 Of that mysterious interest  
 Which rose within me at the sight  
 Of wrinkled cheeks and temples white;  
 Where beauty lived in other days,  
     Where something lovely lingered yet  
 And on her life approval set,  
 Despite the dulness of its ways.  
 And ne'er did maid more shyly please



To let her lover's words prevail,  
 Than she retraced the covered trail  
 And gave her life-long silence ease.  
 • I blend in one connected tale  
 What came by fragments and degrees.

She said: "Twas on Manhattan's isle  
 These eyes first saw the light of day;  
 And smooth-faced Fortune's ready smile  
 Shone on me when a child at play.  
 My father counted up his gains  
 In liberal thousands, year by year,  
 And proudly dreamed his daughter dear  
 Should thrive amid the golden grains.  
 At eventide upon his knee,  
 In playful pride, he dandled me;  
 And with my childish laughter mingled  
 The coin that in his pocket jingled;  
 And which it was, I scarce could tell,  
 That pleased him best—for both pleased well.  
 Thus waxed the day of mirth and means,  
 Until it chanced to be my lot,  
 When I was midway in my teens,  
 To love a youth he fancied not.  
 The dreaded crisis came at length;  
 Nor words nor tears could move my sire.  
 We knew the meaning of his ire,  
 We knew his passion's stubborn strength.  
 Love, reason, kindred, thrust aside,  
 And every hope to ruin hurled,  
 We two, with calmly-gathering pride,  
 Set forth alone to try the world.  
 Though wealth to me seemed useless ore,  
 Unless its glitter were refined  
 By gracious deed and generous mind,  
 And some plain stamp of manhood bore,  
 And though I grieved not for the loss  
 Of mine, too sadly mixed with dross,  
 I could not bear our path should cross  
 With any we had trod before.  
 Much less could he, who always felt  
 My fancied martyrdom more keen  
 Than I if it had real been,  
 Endure to dwell where we had dwelt,  
 Or linger in the altered ways  
 Where aught suggested other days.  
 Chance was our guide; and here we came.  
 We left not there the faintest trace  
 Which might reveal our hiding-place,  
 Or bring us sympathy or blame.  
 It was as if our feet had crossed  
 Some boundary-line forever lost;  
 Or, slumbering in our native bay,  
 Our bark had drifted far away,  
 And we had awakened on a shore  
 Untried, unknown, undreamed before.  
 The new life was a bliss to me:  
 I loved each rock, and flower, and tree;  
 I loved this solitude and shade,  
 This balmy air so pure and sweet,  
 And every noisy brook that played  
 Around its mother mountain's feet.  
 I even felt a sort of pride  
 In thinking, though I lived and died  
 Where morning sun would never shine,  
 Nor evening splendors make me glad,  
 No royal captive ever had  
 Such glorious prison-walls as mine.  
 His mind was cast in different mould:  
 The woods and hills were not for him;  
 His youthful ardor soon grew cold,  
 His courage sank, his hopes were dim.  
 His thoughts were ever backward turned;  
 His soul for old existence yearned.

This life to him seemed hardest lot:  
 Each rock was blundering Nature's blot,  
 The pools but baths for idle boys,  
 The brooklet's babble senseless noise,  
 The pine-tree's sigh a song of woe;

The mountains were the rubbish left,  
 Like *débris* in a studio,  
 When God this world from chaos cleft;  
 And every shadow settling down  
 Between them was a giant frown.  
 He left one morn, as he was wont.

When evening fell he came not back.  
 I set the candle to the front,

And threw its light across the track  
 Would bring him to our humble door.  
 Alas! it knew his step no more.

I searched the rugged mountain-sides,  
 Far as my weary feet could climb,  
 Explored ravines where still abides

The wildness of primeval time,  
 And sent my voice through many a dell  
 Where dreadful echoes burst and fell.  
 But all in vain! I never knew

What 'twas that snatched him from my life;  
 For love, strong love, was still at strife

With cares that broke fair purpose through.  
 He may have perished in these hills;

He may have sought the wondrous West,  
 Intending to return and wrest

My fate from all its fancied ills.

I held my hope with woman's strength,  
 Found some relief in woman's cares,  
 Had faith and patience; but at length

His name grew silent in my prayers.

The lonely years, in long array,  
 Came, lingered, glided slow away—  
 How many, I could scarcely think;

Until one day the crowded stage  
 Stopped yonder by the cedar-hedge,

And sending in they begged a drink  
 Of water for a fainting child.

I dipped the cup in that cool spring  
 O'erhung with ferns and mosses wild,  
 And went myself the boon to bring.

They looked on me with curious eyes,  
 Where solemn laughter seemed to rise,

As if my antique form had slipped  
 From mossy mound or dusty crypt;

And as I met each stranger's face,  
 They seemed another age and race.

With cautious gaze I peered inside,  
 And saw a bridal party there.

The groom was gay, the bride was fair;  
 But I for this had little care—

A sudden whirling seized my brain,  
 A shock of pleasure-mingled pain;

I knew my sister in the bride.

A moment more, the stage was gone,  
 And in the road I stood alone;

Nor since that day has ever come

One word or hint from friends or home.  
 I've dreamed, at once the postman brought

A lifetime's letters to my hand,  
 Blotted and blurred with frequent brand,

As they had gone through all the land  
 To find the loved one whom they sought.

To yonder post, with vague desire,

I've often laid my curious ear,  
 And even fancied I could hear

Some tidings in the humming wire.  
 I sometimes think my life has run

Beyond the measure of its worth,  
 And wonder when will rise the sun,

The last that I shall see on earth.

Again, life's brevity appears  
 The only marplot, and I plan  
 How all might round to right, if man  
 Could only live some hundred years.  
 But evermore this mournful thread  
 Through all reflection's tissue runs:  
 That if this dear one were not dead,  
 Were that one still the same as once,  
 Had these a few more years been spared,  
 Contented then I had not cared  
 For what might lie beyond the suns;  
 That loss and blunders manifold,  
 Which mar our brief existence here,  
 Were not its knell so quickly tolled,  
 Might be redeemed some future year;  
 That he who faltered at the start  
 And failed, were not the course so short,  
 Might, by some latent force or art,  
 Have won the race, the prize, the cheer."

### GENERAL TROCHU.

IN one respect the war in the Crimea was one of the most remarkable in modern history. The spring of 1854 exhibited to the world the anomalous spectacle of the armies of two of the most powerful nations being placed in the field not controlled by their accredited commanders. The movements of both the Russian and French armies were directed by officers of subordinate rank. The talents of the Russian engineer, Captain Todleben, earned for him his subsequent exalted position; his ability was not only recognized by his sovereign and military superiors, but allowed by them to become known by the world at large. This was not the case, however, with his rival in the French army. Previous to the accession of Canrobert and Pelissier to the command of the French forces in the Crimea, whatever success was achieved is identified with the brains of a colonel on the staff of Marshal St.-Arnaud, who was the commander-in-chief until shortly after the battle of the Alma. This colonel, who at that time did so much for his country and so little for himself, was given to the habit of telling wholesome truths, even if they were somewhat unpalatable. Such a man, high in authority, would present a danger which no modern Cæsar could face; consequently, the colonel's talents were hid under a bushel, and, at the outbreak of the present war, comparatively few, outside of military circles, had ever heard of the name of LOUIS-JULES TROCHU.

The man in whose hands are now confided the hopes of France was born in Brittany, on the 12th of March, 1815; consequently he is now in his fifty-sixth year. From his earliest youth he had always shown a decided preference for a military career; and, at the somewhat advanced age of twenty, he obtained admission to the military school of St.-Cyr, by means of his success in a competitive examination.

The most distinguished of the graduates of St.-Cyr are rewarded by admission to the staff-school at Paris, whence, after passing two years of pretty hard study, the young officers so selected enter upon their professional career with unusual advantages, for the good qualities of an officer of the staff—serving always under the very eyes of his chief—are always more promptly recognized than are those of his brother in the line. Trochu so improved his time at St.-Cyr that he was pronounced worthy of becoming a staff-officer. After pursuing the appointed course of study at Paris, he ardently desired to see active service; and his wishes were soon realized, for he was sent to Algeria, where his conduct drew upon him the notice of General Bugeaud, the governor-general; and the victories over Abd-el-Kader earned for Bugeaud the *baton* of a Marshal of France, and for Trochu the epaulets of a captain and the appointment of aide-de-camp to the marshal. The rare good fortune of thus being allowed to become one of the military family of so able a master of war, at an age when the professional character may be formed by the experience and judgment of another, no one could have appreciated better than Trochu himself, who afterward used to remark "that, of all the many favors which I have received from the marshal, which have imbued me with gratitude and reverence for his memory, none was of greater benefit than the insight into military principles which this intimacy afforded." And, indeed, he profited so well by this advantage, that, a

few years after, when Bugeaud was commending his aide-de-camp to an officer of very high rank—if we mistake not, it was the Duke d'Aumale—he pointed to Trochu, and exclaimed, "*In him is the stuff which will make a Marshal of France!*"

Captain Trochu was in constant attendance upon the marshal throughout the arduous campaigns against Abd-el-Kader, which resulted in the Arab chief being driven into Morocco, where he was totally defeated in a fierce battle at Isly, which place gave the title of duke to Bugeaud. Trochu was continually engaged in expeditions and combats to subdue the revolting tribes. In these exploits the most unheard-of hardships were endured; the troops at once encountering the "mud of Poland, the frosts of Russia, and the dearth of the desert," all under the thirty-sixth parallel of latitude. It was of no uncommon occurrence that the column, which but a few days before had been suffering from severe cold upon the Atlas Mountains, should suddenly be exposed to, and made almost delirious, by the intense rays of the sun; and as the soldiers, frequently reduced to the last extremity for food and clothing, marched along, nearly suffocated by the fine red dust of Africa, and with their nerves at a constant *qui vive* to guard against a sudden dash of Arab horsemen, the occasional report of a pistol in the midst of the column, and the groan which followed, indicated that some poor fellow had committed suicide as the only means of escape from his sufferings. In a body of five hundred men, twenty of them have been known to put an end to their existence in the course of a single day.

At the time that Trochu was in Africa, the sons of Louis Philippe—the Dukes d'Aumale and Nemours—were also distinguishing themselves there; and Trochu becoming connected with them in his military capacity, the acquaintance ripened into a friendship which has lasted through life. This intimacy, together with the fact that the Duke d'Aumale and himself nearly simultaneously took upon themselves the thankless task of opening the eyes of their countrymen to their military faults, rendered Trochu an object of suspicion to both imperialists and republicans, and has suggested the thought that, if he now succeeds in maintaining himself against the Germans, he may play the *rôle* of General Monk, and place the heir of Louis Philippe on the throne of France.

Trochu served under the Duke d'Aumale in the expedition in which the duke greatly added to his already high military reputation by accomplishing the unprecedented task of completely surprising the Argus-eyed Abd-el-Kader in his own camp. The battle, or rather rout, which followed this difficult movement, has since been made immortal by the brush of Horace Vernet. The aptitude for war which Trochu evinced when surrounded by the most trying circumstances, and his readiness to assume responsibility, made his position on Bugeaud's staff one of great importance, and, in 1846, he received his promotion.

Commandant Trochu, together with his old chief, who then commanded the Army of Paris, was a helpless spectator of the Revolution of 1848, and from this time, until he reached the grade of lieutenant-colonel, in 1853, he spent most of his time in France, occupying himself with incessant study—something very unusual for an officer of his rank. When the Crimean War broke out, the emperor determined to make use of his talents, which were already recognized by military men. He was given the rank of colonel, and appointed military secretary and chief of the personal staff of Marshal St.-Arnaud, the commander-in-chief of the allied army in the East. As Trochu afterward assumed the responsible duty of advising at the French headquarters, it is probable that he was authorized to use extraordinary power, and he was always the spokesman on the part of France, rather than St.-Arnaud or Canrobert.

Colonel Trochu's new chief was a most singular man, and the adventures of his melodramatic life furnish material for an unlimited quantity of modern novels. James Le Roy, or, as he afterward called himself, Achille St.-Arnaud, was endowed with an astonishing perseverance; for he began at the foot-round of the ladder of his profession no less than three times. During the year after the battle of Waterloo he entered the service as a sub-lieutenant in the Royal Guards, but he forthwith plunged headlong into such a mad career of dissipation and vice that he was not allowed to remain in the army. He then left France, and nearly every city in Europe was successively the scene of his wild exploits. Returning to Paris in time to participate in the Revolution of 1830, he, although now thirty-three years of age, succeeded in obtaining for the second time a sub-lieutenancy. His

handsome and dashing personal appearance, his sparkling wit, and brilliant talents, gave him a popularity which insured his rapid promotion. But his regiment was on duty at the place where the Duchess de Berri was kept prisoner; and the gallant Achille found means to make himself "useful to the government without incurring the dislike of his captive." He a second time found himself under a cloud; but, nothing daunted, in 1836, when in his forty-first year, he, for the third time, obtained a lieutenancy in the "Foreign Legion," which is always stationed in Algeria. To use St.-Arnaud's expression, every man in this corps had passed through a "*jeunesse orangee*." St.-Arnaud now made the resolve that he would "become remarkable or die in the attempt." His mania for distinguishing himself led him to such an energetic performance of his duty that his constitution, already undermined by dissipation, was shattered, and he ever afterward remained an invalid. But even the most acute suffering did not prevent his remaining upon active duty; and, whenever the enemy was near his sick bed, he invariably dragged his almost helpless body toward them, in order that his name might appear in the "orders of the day" as one of those engaged in the conflict. Even when passing a few days in France for the benefit of his health, if a fire broke out at night, he would "fly to the spot, scale the ladders, mount the roof, and contrive to appear aloft, in seeming peril, displayed to a wondering crowd by the lurid glare of the flames." His unconquerable will, however, procured him the rank of Marshal of France within ten years from the time he entered the "Foreign Legion" as lieutenant. When St.-Arnaud became a general, he was such a scourge to the hostile tribes of North Africa that his command was known under the name of the "Infernal Column." His readiness to take away human life may be illustrated by the following incident: He once received private intelligence that a body of Arabs had concealed themselves in a cavern. The "Infernal Column" was marched to the place in question, and eleven of the fugitives came out; but St.-Arnaud knew what no other Frenchman suspected—that five hundred Arabs remained in the cave. The general promptly decided to kill them all, and at the same time to keep the fearful deed a profound secret from his troops. Both his wishes were realized. In a letter to his brother, after describing the details of the operation, he writes: "Then I had all the apertures hermetically sealed up. I made one vast sepulchre. No one was allowed to go into the caverns, and no one but myself knew that underneath there were five hundred brigands who never again will slaughter Frenchmen. . . . Brother, no one is so good as I am by taste and by nature. From the 8th to the 12th I have been ill; but my conscience does not reproach me. I have done my duty as a commander, and to-morrow I would do the same over again." Mr. Kinglake justly remarks that the officer who could cause French soldiery to be the unconscious instrument of putting to death five hundred of their fellow-creatures, and who could afterward keep concealed from the whole force all knowledge of what it had done, was likely to be the very man whom Louis Napoleon wanted to overthrow the republic. St.-Arnaud was soon made Minister of War, and the resolute means which he used in the *coup d'état* bear ample testimony to the

happiness of Napoleon's choice. After the establishment of the empire, St.-Arnaud was in a position to demand any thing without fear of being refused; for he held secrets which, if divulged, might have cost the emperor his ill-gotten crown. One of his requests was that he should have command of the first French army which should take the field in case of a European war. Possibly it was with some secret satisfaction that Napoleon saw his insatiable parasite at last set out for the Bosphorus. In 1854, this energetic and intrepid officer assumed command of the allied army—for his commission was older than that of Lord Raglan—although at the time suffering intense agony from a disease which he knew must soon prove fatal.

The position of Colonel Trochu, as military adviser to the dying marshal, was no sinecure; at the time of the victory of the Alma he virtually controlled the armies of France, England, and Turkey. During the battle St.-Arnaud appeared upon the field, but he was so weak that he had to be held in his saddle by two chasseurs. The marshal overtaxed his body and brain, in order to keep himself informed concerning the army; and, although his disease—an organic affection of the heart—was now increased by a violent attack of cholera, he would not give up the command. Colonel Trochu now resolved to act. Shortly after the day of Alma, he entered the marshal's tent.

"Monsieur le maréchal," said the colonel, "your physician has made himself master of your disease, and we hope that you will conquer this, as you have conquered other things; but you suffer too much, marshal, to continue to occupy yourself with the innumerable details of your command. This constant anxiety is painful to you; and the moment has arrived (a sad moment, but one of imperious necessity) when you must, in order to obtain that repose which is so necessary for you, remove all anxiety from your mind."

Death was already stamped upon the features of the marshal, who searched the countenance of his aide-de-camp with a glance which shone with a feverish and almost supernatural brilliancy.

"Yes," he feebly murmured, after a pause, "I understand you; send for General

Canrobert." A few moments after, Trochu reissued from the tent with the following general order in his hands:

"Your commander-in-chief, vanquished by a cruel malady, against which he has struggled in vain, perceives with deep regret, but knows how to fulfil, the imperative duty imposed upon him by circumstances—that of resigning a command, the weight of which his health, forever destroyed, no longer permits him to support. Soldiers, you will pity me; for the misfortune which has fallen upon me is immense, irreparable, and perhaps unexampled."

St.-Arnaud died three days afterward.

When Canrobert became commander-in-chief, Trochu was made chief of staff to the French army, and received his commission as general of brigade, in which capacity he exerted a controlling influence in the war; but he never afterward wielded the great power which he had under St.-Arnaud.

In the month of August, 1855, Canrobert was, on account of ill-health, succeeded by Pelissier, and Trochu was intrusted with the command of a brigade in the Division Levallant. At the head of



LOUIS-JULES TROCHU.



this brigade he highly distinguished himself during the bloody assault upon the Russian works which resulted in the capture of the Malakoff Tower, and which ended the war. The 8th of September was the day appointed for the assault. The entire artillery of the French army, under the direction of General (Marshal) Leboeuf, had previously kept up an incessant fire upon the Russian position; the ships, houses, and magazines, thus set on fire, made night almost as light as day. The left of the French were to attack the Central Bastion, and the high honor of leading the onset was accorded to the brigade of General Trochu. At a given signal the attack was to commence. The brigade Trochu had scarcely come out of its trenches before it was decimated by a murderous cross-fire from the Russian masked batteries. They still kept on, when suddenly an awful explosion of a mine tore up the ground under their feet, and two-thirds of the brigade were blown into the air. Nothing daunted, however, Trochu placed himself at the head of a few chasseurs who remained unbroken, and contrived to reach the lunette of the bastion. All his officers were killed or disabled, and Trochu himself, while rallying the few survivors of his command, was dangerously wounded in the leg by a shell. Powerful reserves are sent forward; but those who arrive hardly replace those who fall. After a fierce but useless resistance, the troops are forced to desist from an attack which it is said Trochu had warmly protested against from the first. The attacks made by the right of the French, which included the Imperial Guard, and by the English army, also failed. During these disastrous onsets Trochu lost one of the warmest friends that he ever had—Lieutenant-Colonel Cassaigne, a young and talented aide-de-camp of the commander-in-chief. They had served together in many campaigns, and Trochu felt his loss deeply. The memory of Cassaigne remains as that of the most brilliant mathematician who ever graduated from the staff-school at Paris.

Pelissier saw the folly of shedding more blood in the attempt to gain a position by attacking it upon a quarter which science had pronounced unassailable, and wisely turned his attention to the Malakoff Tower, where his efforts were crowned with success, peace obtained, and himself made the Duke de Malakoff.

Through victory and defeat no one has served his country more faithfully than has General Trochu; although at one time high in the confidence of Louis Napoleon, yet he never was an eye-servant. Whatever honors he has acquired are due solely to his own merits. His blunt but upright speech has been an obstacle to his advancement. Soon after the Crimean War, the emperor, surrounded by his officers, was favorably comparing his war-office with that of other nations, and every one present, taking their cue from him, lavished unstinted praise upon its organization and supposed efficiency. General Trochu alone unhesitatingly took the opposite ground; and, by his ready explanations of its shortcomings, drew upon himself the severe displeasure of many then high in authority. Trochu was always a great enemy to the marauding and irregular habits of the French soldiers; and, when asked how he would remedy the prevailing evil, promptly replied, "By making my men virtuous." He soon had an opportunity of applying his cure; for, in spite of his honesty, he was made a general of division at the outbreak of the Italian War, and appointed to the command of the second division of Canrobert's Third Army Corps. The division Trochu comprised the Forty-third, Forty-fourth, Sixty-fourth, and Eighty-eighth Regiments of the Line and the Tenth Battalion of Chasseurs, in all about nine thousand men.

It is worthy of notice that each of these regiments has, in the present war, evinced a much higher state of discipline than the general run of the French troops; and this is undoubtedly owing to Trochu's attempt to make them "virtuous" ten years ago. The line of march of the Division Trochu was always characterized by a respect for private property and a regard for the persons of non-combatants unprecedented in European campaigns; while the passage of the Sésia and the subsequent combat of Palestro furnish ample proof of its bravery. And, during the battle of Solferino, Trochu rendered very important service in checking an Austrian assault upon the right flank of the French army, which if successful would have compromised the safety of Marshal Niel.

The appointment of General Trochu as a member of the commission on the "Reorganization of the Army" was not only an acknowledgment of his ability, but also showed that the emperor could sometimes allow his personal feelings to be overruled by considerations of

a higher nature. But his celebrated book on the state of the French Army, although its leading chapter is prefixed by the ancient motto "*Pessimum inimicorum genus laudantes*," was the feather which broke the back of imperial patience. This work, which might now be appropriately labelled "A Key to French Defeat," laid bare with an unsparing hand the faults which had crept into the army. Trochu was then under a cloud, from which he never would have emerged unless bitter experience had convinced his countrymen of the justice of his views, and of the honesty of purpose with which they were given publicly.

General Trochu is true-hearted as he is able, and deserves the same amount of praise as a man that he does as a soldier. Some years ago his father, dying, left a small estate in Brittany, to be divided between the general and his only brother, who had eleven children. The general, who has no children, simply remarked that his brother needed the property more than he did, and relinquished his share of it. Soon afterward his brother died, and the general adopted the eleven children, and assumed the entire expense of his brother's household; and, in order to do this, he willingly reduced his expenses, and gave up his carriage and horses.

Whatever may be our political views, we cannot help wishing well for a man who, in the midst of corruption, has remained pure; and who is distinguished for reaching a high position under the empire by virtue of his professional qualities, instead of in spite of them.

INMAN BARNARD.

## THE ORIGIN OF WORLDS.\*

### II.

IN presenting this subject, it was deemed expedient to begin at that point where the celestial and terrestrial aspects of our planet are most directly connected; consequently, considerations that precede as well as those which follow remain to be examined, but, before tracing the significance of astronomical facts in this relation, it may be well to glance briefly at the possible causes of the decline of the "glacial epoch."

While the primal oceans were advancing from the poles toward the equator, parallel to the latitudes, gradually cooling and submerging in their front the hot plutonic crust, the evaporation of the water, and its atmospheric, poleward drift, would sustain a damp and equable climate, from the zone where the evaporation was occurring clear to the poles.

When the process of refrigeration became sufficiently advanced in the higher latitudes to introduce a temperature below the freezing-point there, the humidity constantly supplied would greatly facilitate the production of ice, particularly as the sunlight could not penetrate the dense vapors which enveloped the planet until after the cooling of the crust, and the consequent subsidence of the epoch of evaporation.

The gradual extension from the poles of the area of refrigeration, correspondingly increasing the quantity of water originally condensed from the primary, aqueous envelope of the planet, would increase in a like proportion the volume of water poured down from the higher to the lower latitudes, which in turn would increase the amount of evaporation up to a fixed maximum, the period of which would be concurrent with the noontide of the "glacial epoch," because the conditions required for the production of ice would then have reached their ultimate degree of development.

At this period the ice-drifts would advance into lower latitudes than they had ever done before, or could ever do afterward, for now the cooling of the crust would be sufficiently advanced to admit of the meeting of the primal oceans across the equatorial belt of the planet, and the process of evaporation would thenceforward decline for want of the supply of internal heat which up to this time had produced and sustained it; therefore, the noontide of the "glacial period," and the union of the oceans at the equator, would be coincident events.

The reduction of the amount of evaporation would of course decrease the humidity of the earth's atmosphere, thus involving the decline of the ice-producing qualities, and consequently that of the "glacial epoch."

\* Resumed from JOURNAL of July 16.

With the decreasing power of the internal heat that of the sun would assume control of the surface and gradually clear away the thick veil of cloud that had hitherto enveloped the planet, adding also its power to the many combining causes now producing a recoil in the ice-floes toward their source, while the fauna of the colder seas which had advanced with the polar drifts would retire with their contracting limits, leaving the dead shells as the fossil testimony that the seas had once been colder in lower latitudes than they are at the present time; and, though such ice-drifts as those still building with their boulder clays the Banks of Newfoundland are yet extensive, they are, nevertheless, but the puny relics of a once mighty race long since passed the prime of its power, and still declining.

Had the geological epochs been "cosmical," overspreading the whole surface of the earth at the same time, then, as the "glacial epoch" came last in the succession of geological events, it would necessarily have destroyed all the tropical fauna and flora as well as those of the temperate zones, and we should have required a new creation to have restored the present condition of things; but as there is no evidence of such a secondary creation, and much to show that most of the races of animals and plants, which preceded the appearance of frost upon our planet, still inhabit it, the testimony, therefore, is hardly in favor of the theory of "cosmical" geological epochs.

Scientific research has demonstrated that all changes effected in matter are strictly chemical; hence the universe is but a great chemical laboratory, where each successive effect is but the result of preceding causes, the character of the causes being constantly modified by the successive effects they are producing, and the line of progressive advancement remaining forever unbroken.

Spectroscopic researches have demonstrated that sunlight and planets are composed of the same elements; and astronomical investigations have shown that sunlight is projected into space at the rate of about twelve million miles a minute. This light is demonstrated to be the result of combustion going on at the surface of the luminary; and, as combustion implies only a change in the chemical nature of matter, it follows that matter, once evolved as light, cannot return to its source and reappear as light.

As light everywhere penetrates the interstellar spaces, existing only as light during its act of emanation, the question occurs, What becomes of the matter eliminated when its journey into space is accomplished?

The light of the countless stars coming to us from every direction proves that space is everywhere pervaded by the emanations of stars, and as those emanations are shown to be material, then matter must be everywhere present in space—hence space cannot be a vacuum.

That solid bodies whose composition is identical with solar light, and yet entirely distinct in their physical character from suns, should be found pendent in those solar emanations, is at least suggestive of a process of agglomeration of those peculiar elements which, ceasing to exist as light, cannot cease to exist as matter.

Matter eliminated from the sun in the form of light betrays in its composition the presence of metallic elements, which have undergone combustion. In this condition it is almost impalpable to our present means of investigation; but, as matter cannot escape from the laws that govern matter, the elements composing it must be subject to the common law of gravitation, which will exert a constant tendency to retard the progress and diminish the velocity of light.

The various elements composing the sun's rays must vary in their quality of specific gravity; the heavier atoms, from their superior tendency to fall back toward the sun, would not only resist the force by which they had originally been projected from the luminary, with greater energy, but would also assume a lower position in the solar atmosphere than other atoms specifically lighter; hence the solar atmosphere would decrease in density in the inverse ratio of its distance from the orb, the lighter or most volatile elements preceding to the greatest distance in space: therefore, when we turn our spectroscopes to the nebulae which our most powerful telescopes have failed to resolve into stars, we should expect to find only the gases; while the spectroscopic analysis of each individual star should lead us to a comparative knowledge of their distance and magnitude, rather than of their actual composition.

The elements evolved from the sun could not, of course, assume a quiescent position in its atmosphere, superimposed one above the other in the order of their specific gravity, because the projection of light from the original source exercising a constant tendency to repel

them, would keep them in a state of perpetual agitation, which would admit of the free atoms assuming only a general tendency toward arranging themselves in that order; the solar atmosphere would therefore be in a condition of ebullition well fitted for mingling and agglomerating those free elements into masses, which would also be aided by the chemical affinities or magnetic attractions of the atoms among themselves.

An agglomeration of atoms would induce a corresponding tendency in the mass to gravitate toward the sun, as dust floats in the earth's atmosphere, which, if gathered into bulk, will descend with violence.

The descent of this primary nucleus toward the source of heat would increase in a like proportion the power of the solar rays to expand its more volatile elements, while those of a solid nature would necessarily assume a position in the centre of the mass. Its descent toward the sun would continue until the expansion of its whole volume made it equal to the density, bulk for bulk, of the ethers into which it had sunk, were it not that the original impulse of descent, being increased like that of all falling bodies, the accumulated impulse would carry it below this point, involving conditions of still greater expansion, which would generate a force in the opposite direction, by increasing the volume of the mass to a greater degree of rarity than that of the ethers into which its fall had carried it. The descent would continue until the force generated by its steadily-increasing degree of expansion would overcome the force developed by its fall, ultimately changing the direction of its course into repulsion from the sun. This force with which it would be impelled from the luminary would also be augmented by that powerfully-repulsive energy directed from the sun, which causes the matter evolved from the heads of comets to retire behind the nucleus, in a direction away from the source of heat, and of which Sir John Herschel remarks, "that the force thus acting upon the materials of the tail cannot possibly be identical with the ordinary gravitation of matter, being centrifugal, or repulsive, as respects the sun, and of an energy far exceeding the gravitating force toward that luminary."

In the case of the primary nucleus, which we are now considering, as well as that of actual comets, expansion of volume is a consequence of its approach to the source of heat; therefore, receding from that source would produce an opposite result, and the body would contract its dimensions in proportion as its distance from the sun increased. The combined energies which had repelled it from the centre would carry it beyond the distance in solar space where the expanded volume of its matter would have been equivalent in density to that of the solar atmosphere, otherwise it might have found a zero there, and come to rest; but, being carried beyond this distance, it would undergo correspondingly extreme degrees of condensation, which would steadily increase the relative specific gravity of its volume above that of the ethers in which it was moving, and which themselves decreased in the inverse order of their distances from the sun. Those conditions would combine to retard the progress of the primary comet, and overcome the impulse which repelled it from the sun, finally arresting its outward flight, subjecting it to the forces of gravitation, which would, as before, direct it back to the sun, where again, being subjected to the same laws as before, it would undergo the same ordeal, successively repeating its journey to space, and to the sun, modified only by conditions which we will now endeavor to consider.

When Halley's comet was first observed approaching the sun, upon its last return to perihelion, in August, 1835, it first appeared in the telescope, while yet remote from the sun, as a small round, or somewhat oval, nebula, quite destitute of tail. That appendage began to be developed about the 2d of October, obtaining its greatest length about the 15th of that month, from which time it gradually disappeared, and was wholly invisible when the body passed its perihelion on the 16th of November.

"On the 2d of October," writes Sir John Herschel, "the nucleus was observed suddenly to have become much brighter, and to be in the act of throwing out a jet or stream of light from that part which was turned toward the sun. This ejection, after ceasing awhile, was resumed, and with much greater apparent violence on the 8th, and continued, with occasional intermitances, so long as the tail itself continued visible. Both the form of this luminous ejection, and the direction in which it issued from the nucleus, meanwhile underwent singular and capricious alterations, the different phases succeeding each other with such rapidity that on no two successive nights were the

appearances alike. At one time the emitted jet was single, and confined within narrow limits of divergence from the nucleus. At others it presented a fan-shaped or swallow-tailed form, analogous to that of a gas-flame issuing from a flattened orifice; while at others, again, two, three, and even more jets were darted forth in different directions. These jets, though very bright at their point of emanation from the nucleus, faded rapidly away, and became diffused as they expanded into the coma, at the same time curving backward, as streams of steam or smoke would do if thrown out from narrow orifices, more or less obliquely in opposition to a powerful wind, against which they were unable to make way, and ultimately yielding to its force, so as to be drifted back and confounded in a vaporous train, following the general direction of the current.

"Reflecting on these phenomena," continues Herschel, "and carefully considering the evidence afforded by the numerous and elaborately-executed drawings which have been placed on record by observers, it seems impossible to avoid the following conclusions: First, that the matter of the nucleus of a comet is powerfully excited and dilated into a vaporous state by the action of the sun's rays, escaping in streams and jets at those points of its surface which oppose the least resistance.

"Secondly, that the process chiefly takes place in that portion of the nucleus which is turned toward the sun, the vapors escaping chiefly in that direction.

"Thirdly, that, when so emitted, it is prevented from proceeding in the direction originally impressed upon it by some force directed from the sun, drifting it back, and carrying it out to vast distances behind the nucleus forming the tail."

We find, then, that the phenomena presented at perihelion, by comets of very eccentric orbits, are similar to what might be expected were we to suppose the nucleus to consist of primary metallic solids, among the crags, hollows, and fissures of which fluid substances were gathered, and which would necessarily be changed into vapor as the body rushed from the far-off distances of solar space into the fervid heat of the sun. This matter would become visible, as the coma and tail of the comet, by the simple act of its change into vapor.

The whole of this comet's volatile elements seemed to have occupied about fourteen days in undergoing the process of vaporization. At the period when they had attained their greatest degree of visible expansion, October 15th, the body was still moving rapidly toward the sun, having yet one month to travel before gaining the point of its nearest approach to that luminary. The vapors would consequently be carried by the nucleus into regions where the heat would be far more intense than that which had made them visible by expansion. The steadily-increasing temperature would, therefore, expand them still more, when of necessity they would gradually become invisible from their mere attenuation, and the comet would pass its perihelion without any visible vapors.

The history of this body adds its testimony to that of many others, demonstrating that there is no power in the sun which can permanently separate the volatile elements of a comet from the nucleus. The process of recalling its enormously-distended vapors, which it displayed after passing perihelion, may be briefly gathered from the following observations of Sir John Herschel:

"After the perihelion passage, the comet was lost sight of for upward of two months, and, at its reappearance, presented itself under quite a different aspect, having in the interval evidently undergone some great physical change, which had operated an entire transformation in its appearance. It no longer presented any vestige of tail, but appeared to the naked eye as a hazy star, of about the fourth magnitude, and in powerful telescopes as a small, round, well-defined disk, surrounded with a nebulous chevelure or coma of much greater extent. As the comet receded from the sun, the coma speedily disappeared, as if absorbed into the disk, which, on the other hand, increased continually in dimensions, and that with such rapidity that within a week the actual volume of real *solid contents* of the illuminated space had dilated in the ratio of upward of forty to one. And so it continued to swell out with undiminished rapidity until from this cause alone it ceased to be visible, the illumination becoming fainter as the magnitude increased, till at length the outline became undistinguishable from simple want of light to trace it."

As the volatile elements of the comet were evolved from the body, and dilated by the constantly-rising temperature into which it advanced during its approach to the sun, previous to perihelion, so its receding

from the source of heat, after its perihelion passage, would induce an opposite result, in which the progressive cooling of the nucleus would recall and reassemble about it the vapors which had been evolved and dilated to invisibility, by the opposite causes. The cooling of the nucleus, after the terrific ordeal of heat through which it had passed, would be a process requiring time. The more solid the nature of the elements, the nearer they would draw toward the centre, and the more tenaciously they would retain the heat. The less dense and more volatile elements, however, being exposed to the chilling effects of the upper regions into which they had been driven, would condense more rapidly than they could be reabsorbed by the still fervid centre. The reassembling of the vapors would again make them visible, and constant accessions to their volume would, in the early stages of the operation, extend the visible dimensions; but a time would ultimately come when the increasing volume must arrive at its maximum degree of extension, for want of the supply of material. The progressive cooling of the centre would, from this time, steadily decrease the volume of vapor by reabsorbing it into the nucleus, and the body in making its long journey of seventy-six years into the distant regions of solar space would have ample time to become compact.

But the periodical compacting of the comet into small dimensions is rendered a certainty by the fact that when first observed, on its return from space, its appearance was that of a small round, or somewhat oval, nebula; and there are good reasons for supposing that its nebulosity, even then, might possibly be due to the action of the sun's rays already expanding its volume, for it will be remembered that the first observation occurred only about three months previous to the period of its nearest approach to the luminary.

The enormous expansion, to which the volatile elements of the comets of very eccentric orbits are subjected at perihelion, must cause them to commingle with and envelop vast quantities of the free atoms existing in the solar atmosphere, and on the return of the vapors to the nucleus they would probably carry with them, through chemical affinity, magnetic attraction, or mechanical impulse, the free atoms which they had enveloped, thereby successively augmenting the solid contents of the nucleus; which process of accumulation would continue until the physical condition of the comet had been so far modified by the successive ordeals through which it had passed in each revolution about the sun, that great expansion of its vapors would cease to be a characteristic of its history. Its gradual process of consolidation would as gradually diminish its power of gathering from the solar atmosphere the free atoms of matter which had once been sunlight, and it would then have passed the maximum of its epoch of accumulation; but the process of consolidation still going on, with a corresponding decrease in the eccentricity of the orbit, as in the well-known case of Encke's comet, there would be no alternative left to the body but to become a planet.

The feeble light, from the still unresolved and therefore distant nebula, having rendered to the analysis of the spectroscopy only the evidences of the presence of gases, has induced philosophers to infer that those distant nebulae are but accumulations of gaseous uncreated matter, though no attempt is made to explain why or how a universe of suns and worlds, almost infinite in the number of their metallic elements, should ultimately result from an accumulation of hydrogen gas, especially as the gases have as yet exhibited no predisposition toward transmutability.

The various stars, as well as various nebulae, give different results in the spectroscopy; but the idea that this may be but the effects of distance combined with comparative magnitude, does not seem, as yet, to have suggested itself, although it was the overlooking of this very point of comparative distance, which originally led astronomers into the mistake of supposing that the nebulae, which their first little telescopes failed to resolve into stars, were unresolvable, and, therefore, uncreated gaseous matter, out of which was yet to be created other universes of suns and worlds.

Improvements in the power of each succeeding telescope, however, resolved into stars what its predecessors had revealed but as nebulae; and it was only after repeated improvement in telescopic power, and the consequent yielding of one nebula after another, that the "nebular hypothesis" was abandoned, to be revived again in the primitive, and, therefore, chaotic epoch of spectroscopic investigation. But, as improvements in the power of the telescope are unlimited, being merely questions of expense, a future is still open before that instrument as brilliant as the past has been, and fresh triumphs in



its old, familiar fields of conquest, may yet correct the mistakes, not of the spectroscope, but of its interpreters.

It is hardly to be expected, however, that, before we have had time to fairly recover from our astonishment at the startling phenomena presented by the new instrument of research, we could be prepared to grasp the full meaning of its revelations; but, as the colors of stars seem to identify themselves with spectroscopic results, a few considerations, bearing upon this point, may be suggestive.

The colors of the stars bear a certain relation to their numerical decrease; there are more white stars than yellow, more yellow than orange, more orange than red, more red than blue, from whence they decrease through the various tints of grays, growing fewer as they decrease in brilliancy of color, until they fade out and are lost sight of in the depths of space, simply for want of light to relieve them from the dark field which forms their background.

The slanting rays of the setting sun, falling upon the cumulus cloud, produces the same order of chromatic illumination. Beginning at the side nearest to the source of light, we find white, yellow, orange, red, purple, bluish-gray, and neutral tints, which last unite with and are lost in the sombre shadows of the cloud.

When the atmospheric haze of a summer afternoon rests upon the surface of the earth, the sun, seen through it, as it sinks toward the western horizon, will appear to change its color through the same chromatic succession as that which accompanies the numerical decrease of the stars, and characterizes the penetration of light in the cloud. As its altitude decreases, its changes of color succeed each other in the order of white, yellow, orange, and red, followed by the purplish tints, creeping up over the lower edge of the disk, which then soon becomes obscured in the bluish neutral grays. From which facts it would appear that this phase of the phenomena of color results from the different components of light possessing unequal powers of penetrating ethereal media; therefore, if it were possible that our sun could gradually recede from us, it would disappear through the same successive order of colors which it now does in setting, and which the other stars do from their relative magnitude or distance.

The sun near the zenith appears white, because little or none of its light has been intercepted by the earth-mists. The most luminous stars also appear white. As the sun sinks toward the western horizon, it loses its white appearance and becomes yellow, because a portion of its light, being intercepted by the thin ethereal portion of the earth-mists, has failed to reach us. Stars of the secondary degree of brilliancy appear yellow. As the sun sinks a little deeper in those vapors, a still greater quantity of its light fails to reach us, and it assumes an orange tint. Stars of the third degree of illumination are orange. When the sun sinks still lower in the vapors, yet more of its light fails to penetrate to the eye of the observer, and its orange color has deepened into red. Stars of the fourth degree of brilliancy are red. As the sun approaches still nearer to the horizon, the lower edge of its disk is not entirely obscured until it passes through the purplish tints into the bluish grays. The luminosity of the remaining stars decreases through the same order of color.

If it be a truth that "like causes produce like effects," then all stars are white, and their apparent variation in color is due to the fact that all the components of their light have failed to reach us. There are also other facts which suggest the possibility that the apparent color of stars may be due to the penetrating power of their light. Some late observations have shown that telescopes of great illuminating power turn yellow stars white, and orange ones yellow, thus elevating them in the scale of illumination.

That stars do become invisible from their remoteness, proves that their light does not possess the power of penetrating to infinite distances; and, as we have seen that the power of the penetration of light determines its color, the color of a star can only indicate its power of penetration, which would in all likelihood be determined by its magnitude and distance combined.

Every increase in the power of the telescope increases the brilliancy of the individual star, and the more brilliant any light is, volume for volume, the whiter it will appear, hence the telescopes of great illuminating power make all stars look whiter than they appear through smaller instruments, consequently a sufficient increase in the power of the telescope would make any star look white by comparison with the same stars seen through a small instrument; and, if the local color of a star were actually red, blue, or yellow, its tint, instead of losing

its color, would become more intense. If the components of light, therefore, have different powers of penetration, as shown by the chromatic phenomena presented by our own sun, then the analysis of the light of the different stars and nebulae, by the spectroscope, has yet to find its interpreter.

CHARLES B. BOYLE.

## PARIS AT BAY.

WHAT will the beautiful city do,  
Girt with a cordon of steel and fire?  
Pale is her glory of golden hue,  
Slowly totters its crumbling spire.  
Her crowds no longer in gay attire  
The airy Goddess of Mirth pursue;  
Her altar of love is a funeral-pyre—  
What will the beautiful city do?

How changed from the days when the monarchs drank  
Deep from the wine of her blood-red cup!  
She frowned, and the proudest nations shrank;  
She tore them down and she lifted up.  
Glad were the vanquished her draught to sup,  
Eagerly joining the revellers' rank;  
They feared her sword, but they loved her cup—  
How changed from the days when the monarchs drank!

Hers were splendor, and wealth, and power;  
Hers are anguish, and wrath, and gloom;  
Lightly she valued the golden hour,  
Sad and silent she waits her doom.  
A poison lurked in the purple bloom  
That tainted many a fragrant bower;  
The hand wrote "*Mene*" about the room—  
Vanish splendor, and wealth, and power.

She stands at bay with her shattered sword!  
Her eyes are gleaming with sullen glare;  
Sternly fronting the hostile horde  
With the valor born of a strong despair,  
A strength all boundless to do and dare,  
Rather than yield to a foreign lord!  
No hand shall ever her sceptre share—  
She stands at bay with her shattered sword!

Ah, would that it might not be too late  
To balance the sins of a thousand years,  
And safely sever from iron Fate,  
By precious tribute of blood and tears,  
The future pregnant with horrid fears,  
The destiny hovering desolate,  
The flapping fiend that lowers and leers—  
Would that it might not be too late!

W. H. BABCOCK.

## AN EVENING WITH CASTELAR.

IN Alicante, in September last, one of the first objects that caught my eye in a window of one of the few small book-stores of the place, was a large sheet of pasteboard, with a portrait of Castelar in the centre. His face has been made familiar to Americans by the illustrated papers.

Looking more closely at the sheet, it proved to be a copy of his address to the voters of the town, where he was, some seven or eight months before, a candidate for the National Congress or Convention

(*Cortes Constituyente*). Alicante being his birthplace, he desired to represent it, though he was a resident of Madrid. He was, I think, beaten there (it is a most ignorant and backward province in most things), but was afterward chosen, I believe, for a district of Madrid.

EMILIO CASTELAR is the Wendell Phillips of Spain. His oratory is said to hold his hearers breathless and spellbound. By those who agree with him he is adored. He does not seek office, and, when publicly charged with doing so, replied that he thought the men who had freed Spain were fit to rule it. He is the leader of those terrible people, those bugbears of politicians, the radicals. He devotes himself to publishing the truth, pure and simple, pleasant or unpleasant, without fear, favor, or ill-temper; to criticising, from the vantage-ground of independence, the acts of government, pointing out the true public policy, and showing wherein those acts differ or square with it. He knows that the freedom and justice he proclaims will at last prevail, and finds the education of public opinion the noblest function of a public man. In a country where three-fourths of the people cannot read, this duty is by no means easy. Yet Madrid in September last had forty-five daily papers. In a great portion of these, every speech of his is printed, reprinted by the country press, and read by the lettered to the unlettered. He is Professor of History in the University of Madrid, and his speeches show his mastery thereof. Years of study and thought have prepared him for the grand part he now plays in regenerating Spain. When he speaks in the Cortes, it is after careful watching of events and debates; and he marshals fact, simile, and passion, with noble aim, dramatic effect, and startling force.

Under the rule of Isabella and Narvaez, he was editorially connected with four different liberal journals, the *Discusion*, the *Tribuna*, the *Iberia*, and the *Soberania Nacional* (National Sovereignty). Through these, as well as his professorship, he became known to the whole Spanish-speaking world. Several South-American republics offered him large inducements to settle among them. He has refused other offers to change his abode to advantage, choosing to cling to his country. Speaking to the people in the theatre of his native town, showing how he preferred being their representative to more tempting honors, he exclaimed in a burst of honest pride, "My name is sculptured from the Alps to the Andes!" Before the revolution he visited Rome. He also spent some time in France, where he was a devoted attendant on the lectures of Edouard Laboulaye, who admired him greatly, and predicted for him a grand future. He was a member of the Geneva Peace Congress of 1867.

In the great debates of last year, on the formation of a new constitution for Spain, he took a glorious share. Leader of a party made up of bitter partisans, and opposed by those as bitter, he on more than one occasion lifted all parties clear above the mists of prejudice and bigotry, and united them in generous, liberal enthusiasm. On the 17th of March he first drew notice from Americans by quieting a mob of women who had gathered round the Cortes building to demand the abolition of conscription. On April 8th he sharply attacked the ministry, for allowing the Duke de Montpensier (one of Louis Philippe's family, whom that king married thirty years ago to Isabella's sister, hoping thus to seat an Orleans on the Iberian throne) to remain captain-general in the army, and hinted that it paved the way to seat him on the vacant throne. Two days after, opposing the clause reported by the committee on the constitution which provides that "monarchy is the form of government adopted by the Spanish nation," he delivered a tremendous speech, which placed him among the foremost advocates of republican institutions everywhere. Showing the effect of kingcraft on his country, he cried: "We are a vast charnel-house, stretching from the Pyrenees to the Sea of Cadiz; we have no agriculture, no industry, no trade!" On this speech even the London *Times* correspondent commented that, "while Señor Castelar is erratic as an orator, he is incomparable as a gentleman," remarkable for dignity and courtesy in discussion. In the same speech he said: "Garibaldi held a crown in his hand at Naples. Instead of destroying it, he gave it to the house of Savoy; but the house on whose head he put a crown put a bullet into his body at Aspromonte, and a deeper one into his heart at Mentone."

About five days later Manterola, Canon of Vittoria, a city famous in the campaigns of Sir John Moore and Wellington against the French in northeastern Spain, and one of the principal seats of intolerance and conservatism in that Carlist mountain-region, attacked in the Cortes the passages in the draft of the constitution providing for toleration to foreigners, and declaring that, "if any Spaniards shall profess a religion

different from the Catholic, these provisions shall apply to them." He considered them as coming from fogs of religion, and the beginning of demoralization. Castelar sprang to his feet, and replied in that speech which rang through the civilized world, and immortalized him. Standing in the city of the Inquisition, the capital of the land where *autos da fe* were popular amusements, and where religious intolerance lingered in the law till 1868—standing in the crimson semicircular Cortes chamber where Narvaez had conquered Espartero, Rivero, and O'Donnell; the statue of Philip II., who gave his son Don Carlos (Schiller's hero) to the Inquisition, for the crime of Protestantism, before him near the president's chair; surrounded by paintings of the historic glories of Spain—this Professor of History called up the shadows of the past, and caused them to stalk in warning before the representatives of that Catholic nation. He showed that great king crushing Protestants, Moors, and Jews, through the Inquisition's fiendish means; he showed the mind of Spain banished, her glories fading, and her wealth fled, closing with the thrilling words, "Great is God in Sinai; the thunder precedes Him, the lightning accompanies Him, the light envelops Him, the earth trembles, the mountains fall in pieces! But there is a greater God than that. On Calvary, nailed to a cross, wounded, thirsty, dying, He prays 'Father, forgive my executioners, forgive my persecutors, pardon them, for they know not what they do!' Great is the religion of power, but greater is the religion of love. Great is the religion of implacable justice, but greater is the religion of pardoning mercy. And I, in the name of that religion—I, in the name of the Gospel—come here to ask you to place in the front of your fundamental constitution liberty, equality, fraternity with all mankind!"

The Cortes started to their feet. The president sprang from his chair and caught the speaker in embrace. Men of all parties crowded around, clasping him in their arms, weeping, and blessing him. For once, the ties of faction were broken; and in that sublime moment, when all hearts beat as one, Castelar struck persecution its death-blow. Deeply chagrined, Manterola, as soon as he could be heard, tried to reply, and, in the opinion of the ultramontane correspondent of the *New-York Herald*, completely annihilated Castelar. How he really succeeded the sequel shows. About five days after this great event, Garibaldi, writing from Caprera to his friend Garrido in Madrid, placed next to the names of Espartero, nearly eighty, and Orense, nearly sixty, the name of this man of scarcely forty, among those from whom a dictator or king should be chosen—an honor which he did not extend to any who formed the existing government.

In speeches about this time, Castelar took ground for the abolition of slavery in the colonies. He also stated that, while the whole Spanish empire was despotically governed, the colonies fared as well as the mother-country, and that the colonial code was an honor to Spain; but that, since home affairs had begun to liberalize, the colonies had suffered. He called attention to the way England treated Canada after the insurrection of 1837, and declared that "liberty alone lulls discontent; we must treat Cuba like Canada!" He also urged separation of Church and State, as the former had nothing to do with the latter, but when connected with it was an organized mischief and danger.

On May 4th, the religious clause came up for final action. The first part, declaring that the Catholic religion is that of the nation, which latter will support the Church, was adopted by one hundred and seventy-six votes to seventy-six. Manterola again assailed the second part, assuring toleration, and Castelar again replied—this time in a speech which was a model of adroitness.

A few days before, Suñer, an atheistic member, in opposing the first part, objected to all religion, and undertook to prove its injurious effects from history. This was too much for the new tolerationists, and the president (Rivero, Mayor of Madrid) called him to order, saying that he was opening up an endless and time-wasting discussion. This outrage on free speech was resented by the whole republican party, who left the chamber with Suñer.

Castelar began by saying that he should not, like Suñer, discuss theology, but should simply speak of the way in which the state should regard religion. This was loudly applauded. He gracefully recognized the fact that administration naturally falls into the hands of the conservative party, saying that he only wished to arrange precautions under which they might well administer. As he rose, Manterola tried to disconcert him, as Pitt did Erskine, by opening a book and paying no attention. He found his match, however; for Castelar

drew out a laugh by repeating a remark, and addressing it to him; and, a moment later, he put a question thus: "I ask Señor Mantrola—my friend Señor Mantrola, who listens to me with so much attention!"

Amid shouts of laughter, the Canon of Vittoria shut his book in any thing but a victorious way. His trick plagued the inventor; his petard hoisted himself. The victor went on to say that he belonged to the world of philosophy and reason, not to the world of theology and faith. If, however, he should enter the latter, he would not embrace that Protestant religion which was the eternal foe of his country, his race, his history; he would embrace that which belonged to all these, which joined beauty, antiquity, and enthusiasm, which was symbolized by the marble cross that stretches its holy arms over the spot most sacred of all the earth to him—the tomb of his mother! Tremendous cheers followed this. He pointed the proscriptionists to the sayings of Jesus, full of toleration, triumphantly adding: "Gentlemen, you are at war with the Head of your Church!" He closed by saying that, if he were a priest, he would pray God to "bless these legislators, who are enacting on the earth Thy justice and Thy grace." He sat down amid uncontrollable applause, and the clause passed by one hundred and sixty-three to forty. It is noteworthy that the minority which opposed toleration was but about half that which opposed union of Church and State.

May 19th, he spoke powerfully again in favor of a republic, but promised to peacefully abide the decision of the Cortes. At the same time, he demanded that the question should be submitted to a vote of the people.

When, in September, the ignorant communistic masses of the republican party, lashed to fury by financial mismanagement and demagogues' rant, threatened to rebel, Castelar advised against it. When the government began disarming them, and they rose, and Prim moved in the Cortes to suspend the constitutional guarantees of liberty and declare martial law, the republican members protested, and left the hall. Prim, much excited, begged them to return, and warningly told them they might repent of their refusal. Castelar answered: "We may do so from patriotism—never from fear!" He, with his wiser colleagues, disapproved the insurrection, as useless and dangerous, but would not seem to desert his friends. While many of his fellow-deputies joined the insurgents or fled the country, he remained in Madrid, and, when all was quiet, resumed his seat and work in the Cortes.

At Barcelona, in the middle of September, Carlos Fernandez de Castroverde, Provincial Director of Academic Instruction, formerly Translator to the State Department in this city, spoke to me warmly of his friend Castelar, and handed me his card, saying:

"Have some one who writes thoroughly-good French put an introduction on the back of that; when you reach Madrid, send it in to Castelar, and, no matter how many are trying to see him, he will receive you."

"Will it not be better," I inquired, "to have the introduction in your own handwriting?"

"No," said he; "my duties and the state of my sight oblige me to employ an amanuensis constantly, and Castelar would not know my writing if he saw it."

"Does he speak English?"

"No; you will have to talk French with him."

From Barcelona, I crossed the Pyrenees into France. When the insurrection broke out, and during its existence, I was in Switzerland and Savoy. Returning to Barcelona, I found Castroverde much alarmed at the consequences of the outbreak.

Some of his friends, including at least one of the deputies from the city, were imprisoned in the fortress; others had fled, none knew where.

"We are in a sad state," said he; "the constitutional guarantees are suspended, martial law is proclaimed, and the republicans are flying in all directions."

"How is it with you?" I asked.

"I took no part in the rising," said he; "I agree with you in preferring peaceful means to effect reforms, and have no fears for myself. I have, though, for my friends, and to-day the news is that even Castelar has fled."

"Whither?"

"Probably to Portugal, whence he will most likely go to Geneva, where he has friends."

At my hotel in the same city, matches were brought to my room in a small gray-paper box, which had on one side a rough woodcut of Orense, an old republican leader, and on the other a striking likeness of Castelar—the whole costing a cent.

On the way to Madrid, in the cars from Saragossa, a merry old fellow, with a green-silk purse tied round his waist for girdle, and a formidable knife stuck in it, devoted himself to amusing the passengers. After borrowing my hat, without "by your leave," and addressing to me sundry witty remarks on my misfortune in being born out of Spain, he swung his girdle round his head, and dangled it before my eyes. Amid screams of laughter, I seized it, and made as if I would open the heavy end. He uttered a tremendous oath, jerked it away, and, tearing open the full part, showed a double handful of "Spanish gold," which somewhat accounted for the knife which escorted the treasure. He repeatedly offered me fine-cut tobacco, as well as a little book of white paper to take a leaf from to roll the tobacco in for a cigarette. When he found that I steadfastly declined this common courtesy, he put the weed into a pocket, and with a burlesque bow and grimace handed me the coarse, dark-green paper which had held it. Smoothing its rumples and creases, it proved to be a sonnet "To Citizen Castelar," printed on one side of the hand-bill in large, clear type. It recited his good deeds for the people, and ended by praising him for saying, "*No mas reyes en España, y viva la libertad!*" ("No more kings in Spain, and hurrah for freedom!")

At the American Legation in Madrid, a few days after, I was talking with Colonel John Hay, the secretary, when he suddenly asked:

"Have you seen Castelar yet?"

"No," said I, with surprise; "I understood he had fled the country."

"It has been so stated," said Colonel Hay; "but it is now given out through the papers that he has not left, and is here. You should see him."

"I have a card for him," said I, "and will ask you, who have lived in Paris, to write an introduction on it."

He wrote an introduction on the back of Castroverde's card, and, putting on his hat, said:

"I will show you his house. He is a bachelor, and lives with his married sister."

The Legation fronts on the west side of the Prado, the Pennsylvania Avenue of Madrid, which is about four times as wide as its prototype, and is divided into four parallel avenues by rows of trees and seats. Opposite the Legation stands the palace of the Duke de Montpensier, which now contains the great galleries of sculpture and of paintings by Murillo, Velazquez, Gomez (Murillo's "Mulatto"), and other Spanish artists. Behind this, on a height, stands a venerable cathedral of brown-stone. Just south of these lie the great public gardens, bordering the Prado, and running back half a mile, with groves, valleys, heights, temples, statues, fountains, greenhouses, menageries, and aviary.

Turning to the right as we came out, we walked south along the Prado, and turned west into a street opposite the gardens. In a moment we reached a six-story house of light-gray stone, square, with an archway leading into a court-yard, and standing a little back from the street, with trees and shrubs in front.

Colonel Hay said:

"This is the house; he lives on the third or fourth floor."

Bidding him good-evening, I entered the archway, which was lighted by a gas-jet near the centre of the roof, and, seeing next the court two stairways, turned to the right one.

A woman, who sat working at a window by its foot, threw back the sash, and said:

"Whom seek you?"

"Señor Castelar."

"Then you must go up the other stairs."

I turned, and went up a well-hole staircase, the walls of which were grained like light oak. At the third floor, I rang the door-bell, and asked a little girl who came if Señor Castelar lived there.

"No," said she; "he lives up-stairs."

On the fourth floor, a servant answered the bell, who said that "Señor Castelar was not at home;" but her language beyond this was unintelligible.

Hearing some one talking, a civil gentleman, tall, with black whiskers (who seemed to be Castelar's brother-in-law), came out into the passage, and then to the door. I told him in French that I was an



American gentleman with an introduction to Castelar, and wished to pay my respects.

"He is away at present. Come to-morrow night, at eight o'clock, when he will be here," replied the gentleman.

I left the introduction, with my own card.

At the appointed hour, I again rang the fourth-floor bell, and was ushered into a spacious and handsomely-furnished parlor on the left, with windows looking on the street. Before I could take a seat, a gentleman briskly entered, whom on a second glance I knew for the original of the portraits. But these had not done him justice. Their immaturity and haughtiness were not to be seen in their subject. Short, with the head of a giant, deep-chested, seemingly thirty-eight to forty, with black hair and mustache, dark and sparkling eyes, high, bald forehead, and smooth-shaven face, he showed an intensity of feeling in every feature that at once explained his great success as a speaker. And, when he began to talk, the mobility of his face was surprising; it seemed, like a harp, responsive to every breath of thought and feeling.

Turning, as he entered, I encountered a half-impatient, sharply-scrutinizing look. I asked in Spanish:

"Is this Señor Castelar?"

"Yes," was the reply.

In French, I then said:

"I am an American; your speeches have been published in the United States; you are well known there; and I have desired to pay my respects to you. I brought an introduction from Castroverde, of Barcelona."

He smiled, grasped my hand, and invited me to a seat. I said:

"Castroverde feared for your safety."

"There was no occasion," said he; "I took no part in the insurrection."

"But are not the constitutional guarantees suspended?"

"Yes, but temporarily; they will soon be restored."

After some conversation, I inquired whether slavery was likely to be abolished soon.

"As soon as the Cuban difficulty is settled; but no one can say when."

"Are not your women under control of the priests?"

"Yes; that is one of our greatest difficulties."

"Would it not be well to enfranchise them? You have manhood suffrage now—would not universal suffrage, by bringing women into contact with a world outside their homes, make them more intelligent in public affairs, and thus weaken the hold of the priests on them? Would not the demand itself, publicly made, tend to this?"

"Perhaps so. It is a new view to me."

"It seems to me," I observed, "that the function of the republican party is, not to hold office, nor administer the government, but to lead public thought, and thus improve the government."

"Yes," said he, "we wish to do that; we do not seek office."

"Would not the party place itself on the strongest ground by demanding a vote of the people (*plébiscite*) on the question whether a king should be made?"

"Yes; we have done so, but the government has refused it."

"Is it true that your life has been threatened because of your moderation in the party?"

"Not to my knowledge; and such threats are simply foolish.—Whence came you to Barcelona?" he queried.

"From Geneva," I responded.

"It is a beautiful city," he observed; "but have you seen Paris?"

"No."

"You should not return without seeing it. It is vast and magnificent; its streets are finely paved and lighted; its public squares are grand, its buildings imposing."

After a conversation of much interest, which I cannot give here, I handed him a photograph of himself, and asked him to favor me by attaching his signature. He smiled, took it into another room, and wrote beneath it with a quill, in a large, straggling hand:

"Á J. K. H. WILLCOX.—*Prueba de amistad y recuerdo de*

"EMILIO CASTELAR."

("To J. K. H. WILLCOX.—A proof of friendship and remembrance from EMILIUS CASTELAR.")

I showed him my credentials as Vice-President of the Universal

Peace Union, and expressed a hope that he or some delegate would move in the Cortes for a general disarmament, as had been done in the Prussian Parliament and elsewhere.

"It would be a good step," said he; "but it cannot be carried yet."

I spoke of my letter to Victor Hugo, wherein disarmament was urged. His face brightened, and he asked:

"Was it not in the *Geneva Journal*?"

"Yes."

"I have read it."

"The Lausanne Congress prefers freedom to peace—"

"Yes," he broke in, "and your league prefers peace to freedom!"

"No," said I; "we think peace necessary to freedom. Is it not true, as I wrote to Hugo, that Europe most needs general disarmament?"

"Certainly," responded Castelar; "but it is impossible with the present governments. France and Prussia, ruled by Napoleon and Bismarck, will not disarm. The only way to bring about such a result is, to establish a republican government in each country, and then have a federation of all, which will decide disputes without arms. This cannot be reached, in most countries, without revolution."

"Do you prefer this Swiss federative plan for Spain?"

"Yes; the provinces should govern their own affairs, and be federated for foreign relations."

"Is not the danger of civil war a great evil?"

"One of the greatest we have."

I then told him of my interview with Prim, and its purpose, including the suggestion, which the latter had seemed to approve, that I should issue an address on behalf of the Peace Union to the Spanish people, urging them to a peaceful settlement of differences, saying:

"I told General Prim that I did not wish to embarrass the government. Neither do I wish to embarrass the republicans. Would such an address do so?"

"On the contrary—it might help us much."

"I have here the draft of an address, on which I should be glad of your opinion. May I read it to you?"

"Certainly."

I then read it to him. He listened attentively, and at the close I asked:

"What changes do you suggest?"

"None. Publish it as it stands. The republicans, at least, will receive it well."

When I rose to go, he gave me a cordial farewell, and, on my asking, "Shall I have another opportunity to see you?" answered, "I shall be at home for some days, and shall be glad to see you."

It is a source of regret that circumstances prevented my seeing him again, for he is one of the few men in Spain who have both power and wish to help their country out of the slough wherein it lies.

J. K. H. WILLCOX.

## HOPES AND MEMORIES.

OUR hopes in youth are like those roseate shadows

Cast by the sunlight on the dewy grass

When first the fair Morn opes her sapphire eyes;

They seem gigantic and yet graceful shades,

Touched with bright color. As our sun of life

Rises toward meridian, less and less

Grow the bright, tremulous shadows, till at last,

In the hot dust and noontide of our day,

They glimmer to blank nothingness. Again,

That grand climacteric passed, the shadows gleam

Bright still, perchance (if our past deeds be pure)—

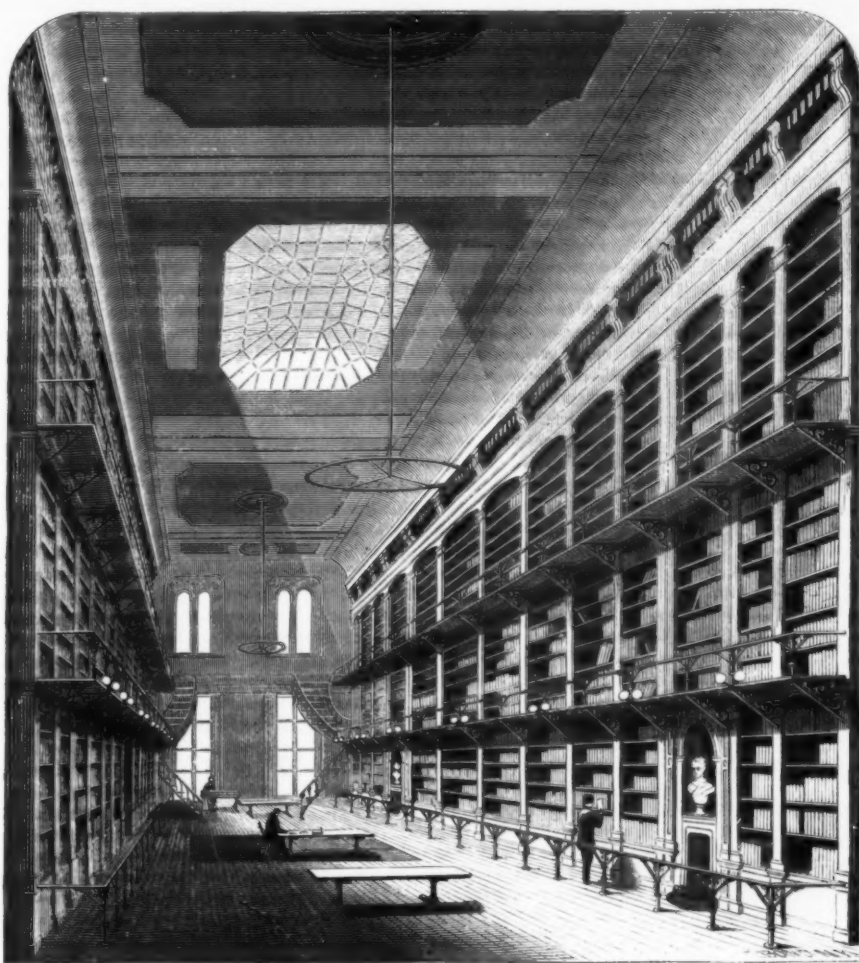
Bright still, but all reversed! Eastward they point,

Lengthening and lengthening ever toward the dawn;

For hopes have then grown memories, whose strange life

Deepens and deepens as the sunset dies.

PAUL H. HAYNE



THE LIBRARY OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK.

THE Young Men's Christian Associations, having for their object the social, mental, and moral elevation of young men, are now well known. They have been in existence for more than thirty years, but have latterly assumed great prominence, and their influence has become extensive and powerful for good among all classes of young men.

In our series of New-York street-scenes, in an early number of this JOURNAL, we gave a view of the very fine building erected for the Association in New York. We now give an engraving of the interior of the library, lately opened. It is a spacious and airy hall, tastefully decorated, and finished in natural woods of different colors. It is lighted by a skylight in the roof, and by windows at each end, and in the evening by chandeliers and rows of gas-jets along the balconies. There is shelf-room for fifty thousand volumes. There are tables and accommodation for seating about two hundred readers. In other parts of the building appropriate rooms are set apart for free classes in English literature, French, German, writing, and book-keeping. A spacious reading-room, on the first floor, supplies all the best domestic and foreign newspapers and periodicals.

As the society numbers some six thousand young men of all classes these rooms are, of course, much visited.

There being in the city no reading and reference library accessible

at all hours, it has been determined to form one to meet this want. It is intended, first, to supply the best works in all classes of English literature, and to supplement them with those in foreign languages. A commencement has been made. None but the best editions are selected, and about three thousand volumes have already been collected. These, of course, are but a beginning. They have been classified upon a system, admitting of indefinite additions without deranging the positions of the books on the shelves, or necessitating alterations in the catalogues.

To procure a book, the reader fills up a blank ticket, giving title and other particulars from the catalogue, with his signature. This ticket is kept by the librarian as a guarantee while the book is in use, and is given up again on its return in good order.

Although the library has been but recently opened, the number of readers is already considerable, and rapidly increasing. Additions of books do not, however, keep pace with this increase. No special endowment is yet provided, and donations have been few.

The importance of such a library must be obvious to all who appreciate in any way the value of books to young men, and it is believed that the enterprise will, as it deserves, receive substantial encouragement.

## TABLE-TALK.

THE project of establishing a museum of antiquities and arts in this city, which a year or two ago was considerably discussed, has been revived in the form of appeals to the General Government for its aid in founding the institution. If the project go to Washington, we may abandon at once all hope of its fruition. There are several reasons why such a course would be likely to utterly extinguish the enterprise. In the first place, local jealousies would almost certainly prevent unanimity of action, and serve continually to defeat the passage of the bill chartering it. Boston would want the museum located there; Philadelphia would want it, Chicago would want it, St. Louis would want it, Cincinnati would want it; and then there would be a great clamor from other localities to have it at Washington. All these contending interests would defeat or endlessly postpone the requisite action; and, while Congress is fighting over the subject, our citizens here, who otherwise would probably be at work in the matter, would be supinely watching the progress of the contest at the national capital. The Congress of the nation is the very "tomb of the Capulets" for all enterprises of this "pith and moment." A correspondent, with whose views we do not wholly agree, says on this subject: "No project of this character should go to government at all—neither to the central, nor the State, nor the municipal government. It is not the legitimate province of government to found museums, or to establish libraries, or to create public galleries. Governments in Europe, it is true, have very generally done these things; but, then, governments there have in numerous ways transcended their limits and taken upon themselves functions for which they had no charter. In America we ought to set the example of doing these things for ourselves. It ought to be public spirit, public coöperation, public effort, that should gather together our museums and our libraries and our art-galleries. But public spirit, it will be said, is slow to do these things. Public enterprise never accomplishes any thing where the people are in the habit of looking up to government to act for them. In Buckle's 'History of Civilization' we have it pointed out with great effect how completely helpless are nations trained in habits of dependence, and how much more is accomplished where government, interfering but little, throws the responsibility of action back upon the people. Tom Hughes, in his lecture before the Mercantile Library Association in this city last month, told us how much more democratic energies were accomplishing here, left to themselves, than aristocratic ones abroad, and instanced such institutions as the Cornell University, Girard College, Astor Library, and Cooper Union, all of which exist without the hand or the aid of authority. But we in America are still more or less permeated with ideas of government as they exist abroad; and, although individuals have done more here than elsewhere in promoting the ends of art and education, yet this spirit of waiting for Legislatures and executives is still a very

potent one, and paralyzes what otherwise would be a great and beneficial energy. It sometimes, indeed, appears as if this idea of parental government were gaining ground with us. Instead of advancing steadily forward to as complete individual independence as possible, narrowing the functions and limiting the powers of government all we can, there would seem to be a tendency to surrender ourselves to certain alluring ideas as to the grandeur and parental authority of government. The very proposal to run to Congress with our museum project is an instance in proof. And we fear this movement will do mischief. It will be likely to arrest individual exertions now making in behalf of the museum, and prevent the hearty and widespread coöperation in the scheme that would have followed an energetic taking up of the enterprise by competent leaders. When the Roman Catholic Church can erect so grand a cathedral by private subscriptions as they are now doing in this city, we have the evidence of what can be done by energetic popular action."

—A correspondent, writing from Nashville, Tennessee, under date of October 14th, sends us the following letter:

"I have purchased, read, and carefully preserved every number of your JOURNAL, since the first one made its appearance, and now feel justified in saying that I have found in it as few faults and as many perfections as I suppose it is possible for a literary journal to be free from and contain. Indeed, I think it is not flattery to say that it is the only respectable periodical of its class published in the United States. I have derived especial pleasure from the articles in 'Table-talk,' the writer of which exercises his pen with a grace, taste, and ability, not inferior to the same qualities in the productions of the most famous English essayists. But, notwithstanding all the strength of argument with which he usually enforces his observations upon well-chosen subjects, he yet sometimes happens to indulge in, as I think, very unphilosophic reflections. Some weeks ago, this writer entered upon a series of speculations as to the probable effect upon the progress of civilization that might be produced by the hostile armies in Europe 'throwing their arms into the Rhine and returning peacefully to their respective homes.' It is often very well to consider what might occur if certain other conditions could enter into the calculation; but it is much better always to consider whether such conditions be possible under any circumstances. I think it must be quite evident to every intelligent mind that those armies not only will not, but that they cannot, cast aside their weapons; and, further, that men will not cease to destroy each other while men remain to be destroyed. Man is essentially, like all other male animals, a fighting animal. His whole existence is an incessant struggle for supremacy over some obstacle that he finds between him and his desires. In his own nature he finds an unending conflict going on between forces which he calls 'good' and 'evil.' The first cry of the infant is a cry of fear and defiance, and the last sigh of old age is expended in maintaining the struggle against the invincible conqueror Death. Let us take up our histories—every page is stained with blood; in vain do we search for the record of a single generation in any nation, large or small, that has lived and died without fighting its own war. The oldest human traditions, among all and every variety of people, are but the stories of the slaughter of thou-

sands by imaginary or real 'heroes.' Our own sacred record tells us that, when there were but two brothers, one slew the other, and then continues a ghastly narrative of successive scenes of murder and devastation. And, when we go back beyond written histories and oral traditions, we still discover human hands tinged with the crimson dye furnished by human hearts. Not only do the bricks of Babylon and Nineveh, the oldest wrought stones of Egypt, and the *tumuli* of America, tell the same melancholy tale of violence, but the latest researches among the *débris* of the 'Stone Age' assure us that man's first employment was war: side by side with the dust of his bones lie his stone implements of death.

"These facts, in my opinion, furnish good ground upon which to rest a conclusion that it is as much a part of man's nature to fight as it is to wear clothes.—What is your opinion?"

Here is the passage to which our correspondent refers; we reproduce it from No. 75 of the JOURNAL:

"If the French and Prussian armies, now engaged in mutual slaughter, should suddenly make up their minds that it is too late in the world's history for this bloody work, and, by a common consent and mutual impulse, cast their needle-guns, their chassepots, their mitrailleuses, their cannon, their cartridges, their banners, their implements and means of destruction of all sorts, into the Rhine, it would be a new and sensational page in the world's history, such as would delight mankind for all time to come. Here are nearly a million of men, having no necessary enmity, assembling at the command of a few ambitious and restless princes, and obeying, in a blind, brute way, their behests for destruction. What if the two armies should begin to think! What if they should get an unexpected insight as to the real facts of their position! What if, after streching the bed of the Rhine with their warlike implements, they should seize upon Napoleon and all his generals, and Bismarck and all his officers, and, thrusting them all into the nearest ship at hand, send them to the Sandwich Islands, or any other remote place, with directions to them to fight out their quarrel to their satisfaction in whatever way they chose; and, having accomplished this unheard-of and truly virtuous act, should summon lassies and lagers, should bid trumpet and fife sound gayly to airs of peace and festivity, and the mighty hosts in fraternal embraces, with dance and cheer, end the war at once (and by their example all wars forever)! What, if such a thing as this should come to pass! An absurd dream, of course. But, as we hear a good deal about the power of the people, the rising of the downtrodden masses, the dawn of an enfranchised world, one would like to see a few of these notions put effectually in force in a way, and at a time, when they would redound so much to the safety and the well-being of the nations."

It will be seen that we characterized our proposition at the time as a dream which it was absurd to expect to be realized. At the same time, if it be judged by the standard, which the Christian nations profess to believe in, of peace and love and good-will to men, it is far from extravagant. On the contrary, if the French and Germans obeyed the precepts of the religion they profess, they would do exactly what we have supposed they might do—in spite of the fighting instincts on which our correspondent lays so much stress. But it is necessary to take for granted that those fighting instincts are always to dominate over the



nobler and higher instincts of man? Are passion and violence and the thirst for blood always to control mankind? We believe not. In civilized society, these fighting instincts in the individual man are, with rare exceptions, kept in check, and subordinated to law, to order, and the sense of decorum and courtesy. We do not think it extravagant to suppose that the time may come, and that at no very distant period, when the Christian nations will be as civilized collectively as they are individually, and will regard it as absurd and vile to settle their disputes by cannon and rifles as decent men now regard a resort to fisticuffs or canes or bowie-knives when they have a difference with each other. We believe, moreover, that our correspondent does injustice to both French and Germans in ascribing the war solely to their fighting instincts. We suspect that both these nations would prefer peace to war, if left to themselves. The war was brought on, not by fighting instincts, but by the selfish and cold-blooded ambition of a few men who have commanded others to fight, but whose own fighting instincts have not led them to peril their own lives and limbs in the strife they have fomented.

— Mr. Thomas Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown at Rugby," made a very favorable impression during his recent visit to this country. The following is a correct description of his person and style of speaking: "Considerably above the average height, with a figure well and strongly made, but not very full or stout, with a nobly-shaped head, and large but finely-cut features, he looked, every inch of him, like a thoroughly earnest, straightforward, manly person. The expression of his face bore the strongest evidence in favor of this estimate of the man, and gave further testimony, by its peculiar gentleness and refinement, of the beautiful traits which combine so happily with the stronger elements of Mr. Hughes's character. To go somewhat more prosaically into detail, it may be added that Mr. Hughes's hair is very scanty on the top of his head, and that it is of a sandy hue, much grizzled by age or care. He seems inclined to bend forward as he stands, but at times before his audience his figure remains very erect for several minutes, especially when he is earnest in his utterance of some opinion about which he feels strongly. Mr. Hughes is very little of the orator in his style of speaking, as Americans count oratory. His voice is pleasant, but rather thin, and it is generally pitched upon a high, even tone. He delivers nothing *oro rotundo*, following in this respect the habit of his countrymen. He has few gestures, and uses those few sparingly. In his most animated passages he moved his right hand vigorously, with a short, inexpressive, and often-repeated gesture of emphasis. His style of pronunciation seemed to us less English than that of any of his countrymen to whom we have listened; the comparative infrequency of the rising inflection and the less decided chipping of syllables were especially to be noted."

— Has the reader noticed that, while *want* and *wants* would appear at first glance to indicate pretty nearly the same thing, they in fact express diametrically opposite ideas? *Want*, observe, implies absolute necessity; it

tells of hunger, exposure, and acute physical suffering; but *wants* has a widely different significance, implying tastes, desires, and cultivated needs. The want of a beggar, for instance, is perhaps very great; but his wants are few, being principally for food and shelter. A man of culture, on the other hand, may be very far from want, and yet possess a host of wants. His social, his intellectual, his artistic functions, all hunger for their special ailments, and usually are of that sort of appetite that increases upon what it feeds. Such a man has the need of a hundred things which he of low culture has no desire for. As a man advances in the scale of being, his necessities multiply; and thus, while *want* is the measure of a man's poverty, *wants* are the measure of a man's civilization.

### Literary Notes.

THE following is a chronological list of Dickens's works: "Sketches by Boz" (collected), 1836; "Pickwick Papers," 1836; "Oliver Twist," 1837; "Nicholas Nickleby," 1838; "The Old Curiosity Shop," 1840; "Barnaby Rudge," 1840; "American Notes for General Circulation," 1842; "Martin Chuzzlewit," 1842; "Pictures from Italy," 1846; "Dombey and Son," 1846; "David Copperfield," 1849; "Bleak House," 1852; "Hard Times," 1854; "Little Dorrit," 1855; "A Tale of Two Cities," 1859; "Great Expectations," 1860; "The Uncommercial Traveller," 1860; "Our Mutual Friend," 1864; "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" (unfinished), 1870. Christmas Stories: "A Christmas Carol," 1843; "The Chimes," 1844; "The Cricket on the Hearth," 1845; "The Battle of Life," 1846; "The Haunted Man," 1848.

A translation of Mr. Disraeli's "Lothair," in parts, is passing through the press in Holland. The translator is Mr. A. H. Verster. Among translations from the English, which have recently appeared in that country, are—Thackeray's "Pendennis," Garibaldi's "Rule of the Monk," from the English edition; Henry Ward Beecher's "Norwood," Mr. J. Gardner's "Religions of the World," adapted to Holland; a new translation of "Robinson Crusoe," Captain Marryat's "Midshipman Easy," and Mr. Whyte Melville's "M. or N."

The September number of the *Vyestnik Evropei* of St. Petersburg—the best of Russian, and one of the best of European reviews—contains an article on "Lothair," forty pages long, headed "The Jesuits in Contemporary England." The book itself, it seems, has produced so great a sensation in Russia that, according to the reviewer, "in St. Petersburg the booksellers cannot manage to order a sufficient number of copies."

An extremely interesting and well-written account of the Makah Indians, by Mr. J. G. Swan, lies entombed in the last volume of that much-neglected series, the Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge. The Makahs live on Cape Flattery, at the entrance to the Strait of Fuca, opposite Vancouver Island. Mr. Swan resided among them for several years in the capacity of Teacher and Dispenser of Medicines under the Government of the United States.

A German publisher is issuing a book called "The Holy War of 1870." Another publisher has hit upon the original idea of giving "The War of 1870 in Dispatches"—a collection of all the official telegrams of the war, with pa-

triotic poems and important documents as supplements. More than a dozen of these serial chronicles, corresponding to our "Rebellion Record," are being issued.

The *Athenaeum* says that Professor Jowett's "Plato," which will be in four thick octavo volumes, will contain a translation of all the works of Plato; and to each dialogue will be prefixed an introduction of considerable length. The work has occupied the new Master of Balliol for many years, and has been submitted by him for revision to several scholars of eminence.

Of the six clergymen who wrote in "Essays and Reviews"—in that day religious Ishmaels—two are dead, and three have now received distinguished appointments. Dr. Temple is a bishop, and Dr. Pattison, like Mr. Jowett, is head of a college.

The book-importers continue to be greatly embarrassed by the European war, and in several cases have been unable to fill orders, for schools especially, given many weeks ago. This year they find an over-abundance of leisure at the time which is usually their busiest.

The superb Imperial Library of Paris contains over one million printed volumes, one hundred and fifty thousand manuscripts, three hundred thousand maps, one hundred and thirty thousand engravings, and one hundred and fifty thousand numismatic specimens.

The proprietors of the *Australasian*, it is stated, have purchased the exclusive right of publication of "Lothair" in Australia. The first portion was to appear in that paper on the 16th of July.

The author of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" has a new book in the press, called "Through the Looking-Glass." It will be very copiously illustrated by Mr. Tenniel. The title indicates the nature of the work.

Mr. S. C. Hall is engaged on "A Book of Memories of Great Men and Women of the Age," with whom he has been personally acquainted.

Messrs. Longmans are preparing a uniform edition of Mr. Disraeli's novels, to which the author will prefix a new general preface. The first volume of the series will be "Lothair."

No less than fifteen complete editions of Dickens are published in this country, besides odd volumes in still other shapes.

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood" is to be read from by Mr. Vandenhoff in his next course.

The next volume of the "Ancient Classics for English Readers" will be "Horace," by Mr. Martin.

A "History of Cuba" is announced from the pen of Señor Pezuela.

### Scientific Notes.

THE inhabitants of Alaska and the adjacent territories may be divided into two great groups: those who belong to the aboriginal American stock, whom we are accustomed to designate as Indians, and those scattered along our northern coasts from Greenland to Behring Strait, and for whom we have as yet no general term, but who have been called Esquimaux, Aleutians, and, on the Asiatic side of the straits, Tuskis and sedentary Chukchees. This last great group Mr. Dall proposes to des-

ignate as Orarians,\* a single term being needed in generalization, and none of those in use being sufficiently comprehensive for the purpose. The Orarians are distinguished by (1) their language, of which the dialects, in construction and etymology, bear a strong resemblance to one another throughout the group, and differ from the Indian dialects as strongly; (2) by their distribution—always on islands or confined to the sea-coasts, sometimes entering the mouths of large rivers, as the Yukon, but only ascending them for a short distance, and, as a rule, avoiding the wooded country; (3) by their habits, more maritime and adventurous than the Indians, following hunting and killing, not only the small seal, but also the sealion and walrus—even the great Arctic bowhead whale frequently succumbs to their persevering efforts, and the harpoon now universally used by whalers, having superseded the old-fashioned article, is a copy in steel of the bone-and-elite weapon which the Esquimaux have used for centuries; (4) by their physical characteristics—a light, fresh, yellow complexion, fine color, broad build, and especially the largely-developed coronal ridge and an obliquity of the arch of the zygoma. The author is informed by Dr. Otis, of the United States Army Medical Museum, that the cranial peculiarities referred to above are common to all Orarian skulls, and form a ready means of distinguishing them, being only shared by the northern mound-builders, who were, perhaps, their ancestors. They do not extend westward beyond the neighborhood of Behring Strait. The Esquimaux of Norton Sound, the Yukon mouth, and Kotzebue Sound, are fine, athletic men, many of them six feet in height, and averaging, I should say, as tall as any civilized race. They are as ingenious, as honest, and industrious, as the majority of white men, and are very far superior to any Indian tribe in the Territory. They do not intermarry with the latter. "The Innuit, or Esquimaux," says Mr. Dall, in his work on Alaska, "have a custom of making, on flat pieces of bone, rude drawings of animals, hunting-parties, and similar things. These drawings are analogous to those discovered in France in the caves of Dordogne. I have seen an ivory bow, used in connection with a drill, and made of an entire walrus-tusk, which had depicted, on each of the four sides, every pursuit followed by the Innuit from birth to interment."

Sir John Lubbock and other archaeologists consider that the perforated stone axes and hammers in Europe are generally to be referred to the commencement of the bronze age. But in certain pile-dwellings, exclusively belonging to the stone age, such implements are found—in Nussdorf, for example, fifty specimens. Carl Rau thinks that the perforations were produced in two different ways, the ruder being made by a wooden drill, and the more elegant by a hollow cylindrical bronze drill. The general finish of the articles corresponds with this theory, being superior in the case of the latter class. To test his theory, he provided himself with a wooden apparatus, consisting of a staff and bow, such as the Iroquois use in getting fire. He selected a piece of diorite, so hard that a knife would not scratch it, and with his Indian apparatus, aided by a little sand and water, he succeeded in boring it—after two years' effort! The cavity presented the shape observable in those of many European tools—that is, when incomplete, it was smooth, and rather basin-shaped, i. e., tapering toward the bottom; while holes made by bronze cylindrical borers

\* From *ora*, a coast, in allusion to their invariably coastwise distribution.

are deepest at the edges, so that their sections would resemble the section of a glass wine-bottle. The latter are also marked by parallel circular lines. Certain rings (found in the mounds), made of bone or stone, and furnished with a guttered rim, like that of a pulley, may have served in making an improved drill. The wooden drill was probably secured inside the ring by pegs driven through the eight holes in the latter, and a bowstring might very conveniently be passed around it in the gutter. No other explanation of the use of these rings can be given. The patience of a savage employed in fabricating stone instruments without the aid of metals is truly wonderful. "The more perfect stone implements of the ancient inhabitants of North America, especially their pipes, are perhaps the best specimens of art left by any people that was unacquainted with the use of metals; and I have not seen, in the European collections, any thing produced under similar circumstances that displays equal skill in stone-work."

Professor Hitchcock, of Amherst College, has discovered evidences of the action of icebergs on Mount Washington, N. H., five thousand eight hundred feet above the level of the sea, being several hundred feet higher than the traces noticed by any other observer.

## War Notes.

### The Investment of Paris.

THE Paris correspondent of the JOURNAL, a French gentleman, is now serving as a national guard on the fortifications of that city. On September 30th, he sent up by the balloon mail the following letter to our address, which reached us on October 19th. It is closely written on very thin paper, the weight allowed by balloon being only four grammes. It bears postage-stamps of the empire, with the head of Napoleon III.:

"The investment of Paris is now completed, and threatens to become rigorous. On the south side of the Seine, the lines of investment are much nearer the lines of defence than on the north side. Southeast of Paris, the Germans occupy Choisy-le-Roi, their advanced posts extending between that village and Vitry. The other side of the hill closing the valley of the Seine is held by them in force, their posts being at the mill of Argenteuil, a beautiful eminence, entirely covered with nursery-gardens, likewise at the Plaster Quarry, the most prominent position in the neighborhood, one thousand yards from the mill of Saquet and twelve hundred from the village of Villejuif. Behind the mill of Argenteuil, they hold the farm, or rather the horticultural establishment, of Saussaye and the village of Chevilly, the houses of which were riddled with obuses in the battle of the 19th of September. They have taken possession of the large and massive chateau which at one time belonged to Baron Schickler, a wealthy Prussian banker, but has now passed into the hands of the fathers of the congregation of the Holy Ghost. This chateau is in the midst of a park, surrounded with terraces and *fosses*, the ground to the north of which is protected by the woods of Sainte-Colombe. Chevilly is only a mile and a quarter distant from the Redoute des Hautes-Bruyères, in which the French have established powerful batteries. On the other side of the plateau, sloping downward into the valley of Bièvre, is the little village of Hay, in which the Germans are strongly intrenched. The village of Hay, from its elevated position, commands the whole valley of Bièvre. From

this point, the Germans, with their glasses, can observe all the quarters of the south side of Paris, especially the Panthéon, Val-de-Grace, the towers of Saint-Sulpice, and the Invalides. The bottom of the valley of Bièvre, at the foot of the hill on which stand Hay, the Redoute des Hautes-Bruyères, and the fort of Bicêtre, is occupied by the villages of Cachan, Arcueil, and Gentilly, the first of which is guarded by German advanced posts. The village of Bourg-la-Reine is held by a body of German troops échelonné along the route from Paris to Orleans, the Croix de Berny, Antony, and toward Longjumeau. The Croix de Berny is specially important, being the point where the road from Choisy to Versailles crosses the road to Orleans. Louis XIV., in the seventeenth century, established a broad, spacious highway, which led from Versailles to the chateau of Sceaux, the residence of the Duke du Maine, and to Choisy-le-Roi, the residence of the Duke d'Orléans, which has ever since been carefully maintained. The Germans use this road to keep their communications open between Choisy and Versailles; passing between Châtenay and Verrières, crossing the wood of Verrières, and passing behind Meudon and Bellevue, it enters Versailles by the plateau of Velezy. After the battle of the 19th September, they succeeded in occupying the heights of Bagneux, Chatillon, Clamart, and Meudon, which form a semicircle, one point of which is turned toward Montrouge, the other toward Saint-Cloud; their advanced posts, on one side, being in the village of Clamart, concealed in a hollow protected from the fire of Fort Vanves, and, on the other, in the village of Fleury. They occupy the artillery establishment at Meudon, and the important terrace of Meudon, which commands a splendid view of the whole city of Paris. Behind Meudon is Bellevue, commanding a narrow valley in which is built the long village of Sèvres. On the heights of Bellevue the French began to construct a *redoute*, which they had not time to finish before the 19th September, when it fell into the hands of the Germans, who are establishing formidable batteries in it. The lines of investment continue westward upon the heights of Saint-Cloud and Montrouge, from which they can shell, as well as from Bellevue, the villages of Billancourt, Boulogne, and the Bois de Boulogne. Should they descend from their positions, however, to attack Paris, they would have to throw bridges over the Seine, and cross them exposed to the deadly fire of the heavy artillery of Mont Valerien.

"The lines of investment on the north or right side of the Seine are much farther removed from the walls of Paris than those on the south or left side—the reason being, that the lines of defence not only cover Paris, but likewise the town of Saint-Denis, thus obliging the Germans to keep at a considerable distance. To the northwest of Paris, the Germans occupy the woods of Celle-Saint-Cloud, which protect them from the fire of Mont Valerien, likewise the heights of Bougival, Louvecienne, Marly, and Saint-Germain. The sinuosities of the Seine below Paris form, between Asnières and Saint-Germain, two peninsulas—the first called Gennevilliers, a level plain of considerable extent; the second, Croissy, opposite Saint-Germain. At Bougival, opposite Croissy, the Badenese and Bavarians are strongly intrenched, with advanced posts established as far as Rueil. They thus hold possession of the highway from Paris to Cherbourg, which passes under Mont Valerien by way of Malmaison. In front of Malmaison this route is cut by an enormous barricade defended by cannons, behind which is ranged the Badenese

artillery. The headquarters of the corps occupying Celles-Saint-Cloud, Bougival, and Croissy, are established at Roquencourt, in communication with both Versailles and Saint-Germain, from the heights of which Saint-Denis and the surrounding country can be surveyed. The Germans have begun to construct batteries on the heights of Montmesson in the peninsula of Croissy and near the village of Gennevilliers. In the neighborhood of Saint-Denis, on the banks of the Seine, between the river and the highway to Havre, below the beautiful village of Epinay, they occupy in force the heights of Orgemont and Sannois, extending from those points, by Saint-Gratien and Montmorency, to the wooded heights which shelter the valley of Montmorency from the east winds. In possession of Enghien and the railway from Paris to Creil by Pontoise, and massed in the rich villages of the neighboring districts, with grand guards at Groslay, Montmagny, and Dueil, they effectually intercept all communication between Paris and the north. Saint-Denis and its works of defence, composed of the fort of Briche to the east and of the Double Couronne to the west, form the principal bulwark of Paris to the north. The plain is commanded, on the south, by the butt of Montmartre, within the walls of Paris; and, on the north, by the butt of Pinson, which the French neglected to fortify, but upon which the Germans are busy constructing batteries. For them, this position is of the utmost importance; situated at an elevation of three hundred feet above the plain of Saint-Denis, it enables them to attack with advantage the forts of Briche and the Double Couronne, and to cover their advance upon Paris. In the event of disasters befalling them, this position could admirably cover their retreat, if they were obliged to withdraw from Montmorency and Argenteuil by way of Gonesse and Dammarville toward the south, or by Gonesse, Mesnil-Andelot, and Claye, toward the east. The army investing the north side of Paris is under the command of the Prince of Saxony, the centre of which is established in the villages of Stains, Dugny, Bourget, and the forest of Bondy, in the vicinity of the forts of Aubervilliers, Noisy-le-Sec, and the fort of the 'Est.' "

#### The Three German Chiefs.

After the great battle of Sedan, and the capitulation of a whole French army—the capture of upward of one hundred thousand men, of five hundred cannon, of generals by tens and officers by hundreds, men by thousands, and an emperor to crown the whole—the king sat down to dinner, and proposed the health of the soldiers who had fought with him. The speech is singularly plain and non-egotistic. Said the king: "We must to-day, out of gratitude, drink the health of my brave army. You, War-minister Von Roon, have sharpened our sword; you, General Moltke, have guided it; and you, Count Bismarck, have for years, by political management, brought Prussia to its present elevation. Let us, then, drink to the army, to the three I have named, and every one else present who, according to his ability, has contributed to the present success." Of these three, General Moltke has the credit of having planned all the campaign: a campaign so wonderful in the conception—indeed, its second conception, after the first was rendered nugatory by the inactivity of the French—and so admirably successful in its execution, that we shall vainly search history for a parallel to it. Never before—for the vast numbers of ancient armies are chiefly fabrications—were such enormous masses of men opposed to each other; never were the appliances of science and art so advanced a kind brought into the field; never

was the collapse of braggadocio and rude daring so complete; never the triumph of patient learning, endurance, knowledge, and *Geist*, so thorough.

#### The French Throne.

During the last eighty years the French have displayed a remarkable aptitude in changing their rulers and governments:

1789. May 4.—The States-General, which had been in abeyance one hundred and seventy-five years, was summoned to meet at Versailles.
1792. August 10.—Louis XVI. deposed, and the republic established. September 21.—The National Convention assembles.
1793. January 21.—Louis XVI. guillotined.
1795. October 26.—The National Convention is dissolved, and the Directory established.
1799. November 10.—The Directory is suppressed, and a consulate established. December 13.—Napoleon Bonaparte appointed first consul.
1802. May 4.—Napoleon Bonaparte elected first consul for ten years, and on August 2 he is elected for life.
1804. May 18.—Napoleon elected Emperor of France.
1814. April 11.—Napoleon I. abdicates. May 3.—Louis XVIII. enters Paris.
1815. March 1.—Napoleon I. escapes from Elba, and the empire is reestablished for one hundred days. June 22.—He abdicates in favor of his son, Napoleon II. July 8.—Louis XVIII. returns to Paris.
1830. July 26.—Revolution commences in Paris. August 2.—Charles X. abdicates. August 9.—Louis Philippe ascends the throne.
1848. February 23.—Revolution commences in Paris. 24.—The king abdicates. 25.—The republic is proclaimed. December 10.—Louis Napoleon is elected president of the republic.
1852. December 2.—Napoleon elected Emperor of the French.
1870. September 1.—The emperor is taken prisoner by the Germans at Sedan, and sent to Germany. September 4.—Napoleon III. deposed, and the republic proclaimed.

#### Prussian Spies.

For several years, Prussians have been residing, under one pretext or another, in all the border towns and villages, making themselves thoroughly acquainted with the topography, studying military positions, filling their maps and memories with the roads, lanes, and footpaths, and also making themselves familiar with the means and resources of the inhabitants. Clerks in counting-houses, servants in inns, men in breweries, students who passed the summer in wandering over the hills sketching the scenery, companies of scientific men with hammers and baskets bent on geological picnics, all these are recognized to-day in the persons of Prussian officers entering the French border towns and villages at the head of scouting-parties or with victorious troops. It is said that one Prussian general has visited during the last year all the towns and villages likely to be attacked in case of war, in the disguise of an old beggar match-seller. Another story is of a Prussian officer who, disguised as a French admiral, visited one of the forts near Paris, was received with all the honors, shown over all the works, and, in parting, made a speech full of patriotic sentiments to the soldiers, which was received with great applause. The cheat was not discovered until some days after, when one of the officers happened to men-

tion the matter to the Minister of Marine. In another case the Prussian spy was not as successful. Dressed as a French officer, he visited a tent at some general's headquarters and dined with his brother (?) officers. Something excited suspicion. He was arrested, tried, and shot.

#### The Employment of French Prisoners.

The French prisoners in Germany are now employed on public works on a considerable scale. From 1,500 to 2,000 are engaged in embanking the Elbe at Magdeburg; 4,000 are reclaiming waste lands in Hanover, and in other provinces similar undertakings are being carried out. The Augsburg visitors to the 1,198 prisoners at Lechfeld are so numerous that many are conveyed in goods-wagons. The making of a road through the plain has been commenced in order to employ them. The labor is optional, but the wages are such as to induce most of them to volunteer. Some are occupied in cutting out wooden figures, windmills, and other toys, which they ingeniously accomplish with a bread-knife. The rations are the same in material and quantity as those supplied to German troops, but they are not quite satisfied with them, and make more demands than become prisoners. They receive with incredible indifference the news of the continued defeats of their countrymen, the capture of the emperor, and so forth.

#### The Empress Eugénie.

The Empress Eugénie has sent a letter to the emperor concerning her reception in England. She states that all official recognition of her presence has been postponed at her own request. Nothing could have been more tender than her treatment. Queen Victoria sent at once a private letter, offering to pay her a state visit. The Prince of Wales, immediately upon her arrival, wrote to her, expressing the kind remembrance entertained by the princess and himself of their visits to Paris, and of the great kindness displayed to them by her in the Tuileries, and begging to know in what way either the princess or himself could serve her. Lord Ashburnham has offered her his mansion in Sussex; the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Petre, the Marquis of Landowne, and many other persons, have begged permission to pay their respects to her.

#### Colonel Pemberton.

One of the latest English novels republished in this country was "The Scapegoat," by "Leo," a clever, dashing book of the "Guy Livingston" type, giving a great deal of promise for the future productions of the author. But we learn by the English mails that "Leo" was Lieutenant-Colonel Pemberton, a brilliant young man who served as the correspondent of the London *Times* with the Prussian army, and was killed at the battle of Sedan. The venturesome amateur journalist attempted to explore, with some cavalymen from the Crown Prince's escort, a part of the field from which the French were thought to have retreated; but he rode into an ambush of the enemy, and fell dead at their first fire.

The French field-gun is a muzzle-loading four-pounder of 3.4 inches calibre, throwing an elongated projectile of nine pounds with an initial velocity of ten hundred and sixty-six feet per second; the total weight, including forty rounds behind the gun-team of four horses, is twenty-five and three-quarter hundred-weights. The number of rounds in the gun-limber and one wagon, is one hundred and fifty-six. This gun is alike common to all their



field-artillery. The Prussians appear to have in the field two classes of guns. Their horse-artillery has a breech-loading four-pounder of 3.08 inches calibre, throwing an elongated projectile, also of nine pounds, with an initial velocity of eleven hundred and eighty-four feet per second; the total weight, including forty-eight rounds, behind the gun-team of six horses, is thirty and a half hundred-weights. The number of rounds in the gun-limber and one wagon is one hundred and fifty-seven. The Prussians have also a breech-loading six-pounder of 3.67 inches calibre, throwing an elongated projectile of fifteen pounds.

The French post-office authorities have announced that they will dispatch balloons with private correspondence as regularly as the weather will permit, beginning from the 28th of September. The correspondence must be written on very thin paper, and each letter must be open, and not weigh more than three grammes. It may be four centimetres long by seven centimetres broad, must be addressed outside "By balloon," and must be prepaid at the ordinary rates.

A St. Petersburg journal says that Marshal Bazaine is only a Frenchman by naturalization. Some French engineer officers were authorized by Napoleon I. to enter the Russian service, and among them was M. Bazaine. This gentleman was married, but had no child, and in 1811 he adopted an infant which was abandoned at his door. The foundling is the present gallant defender of Metz.

## Miscellany.

### The Isthmus of Darien.

THE expedition for the survey of the Isthmus of Darien to ascertain the practicability of a route for the interoceanic canal, under the command of Commander T. O. Selfridge, U. S. N., sailed from New York in the latter part of January, 1870.

During six months of the year, a heavy sea breaks all along the Atlantic border of the isthmus, and consequently the necessity of a good harbor narrows very much the field of research, which a knowledge of the orology of the isthmus also limits to a corresponding degree. There are but three harbors on the Atlantic coast of the isthmus adapted for the terminus of a canal—the Gulf of San Blas, Caledonia Bay, and the Gulf of Uroba, or Darien. The first two are magnificent bays, easy of access, and entirely protected from the north winds and heavy swell. The Cordilleras Lloranes skirt the coast at distances varying from three to eight miles, without a break, except at the northern and southern extremities, while the Chimán range, crossing the isthmus, indicates that in the central portion will be found the greatest amount of mountain area.

The survey was begun at Caledonia Bay in the latter part of February. The whole face of the country is covered with a primeval forest, impenetrable from the thick undergrowth, but, by slow and laborious cutting, through which the surveyor struggles with his compass and level, seeing neither the sky above nor the country around. In these circumstances it was soon evident to the commander of the expedition that the most practical as well as the most expeditious method would be to carry on the survey up the different water-courses. This would give at all times the lowest level, the rivers would lead to passes in the mountains, did such exist, and the best results would be obtained in the shortest space of time. As the

work proceeded, should any route indicate a level adapted for the proposed line, a more exhaustive survey would be undertaken.

Reconnoissances with the barometer were made up all the streams emptying into Caledonia Bay, including the Aglamate, Aglaseniqua, and Washington Rivers. While these were in progress, a reconnoissance in force was made over the mountains to the Pacific slope, down the Sucubti, until the villages of the mountain Indians, the Sucubti tribe, were reached. Here a treaty was made by the commander with them, similar to one with the coast Indians, and the exertions made to show them that we had not come to occupy the country, but merely to look at it, coupled with rigid orders not to molest their property, enabled us at all times to remain on the most friendly terms.

The result of these explorations failed to exhibit any signs of a pass, and the line up the Aglaseniqua River, thence over the mountains, giving the lowest average level, was selected as the one to be surveyed.

A line of levels was successfully carried from the sea over the dividing range at an altitude of twelve hundred feet, and down to the Sucubti at a point about three miles below its sources, where an altitude of five hundred and sixty feet was obtained. A series of careful observations was made with both the aneroid and mercurial barometers at the different benchmarks, whose height was already determined by the spirit-level. They resulted in showing that the aneroid barometer was totally unreliable, being often one hundred feet in error, while the extreme deviation of the mercurial barometer was never more than thirty feet, and the average not more than twelve feet from the correct height. The height of the Sucubti, by spirit-level five hundred and sixty feet, was evidence sufficient that no pass below that altitude existed in the divide. This river, with its tributaries Napsati and Asnati, drains a large area of country, of which its bed must necessarily represent the lowest level. Careful observations with the mercurial barometer were made down the Sucubti to its junction with the Chucunagua, at which was found an altitude of one hundred and fifty-nine feet. Ten miles down the Chucunagua an altitude of ninety-nine feet was obtained.

In all observations with the barometer, a standard was also noted at the sea-shore.

All idea of a pass in the divide being exploded, there remained the sole test of a tunnel to decide upon the impracticability of this route. Allowing the largest error ever obtained in our experiments in the barometrical heights of the Sucubti, taking thirty feet as the depth of our canal, and conceding that, at two hundred feet, tunnelling is more economical than open cutting, there will be found a difference of ten miles between an altitude of two hundred feet on the Atlantic slope to a corresponding one on the Pacific, or, in other words, a tunnel of this length would be necessary. The country in the vicinity of the Sassordi River presenting favorable indications from the sea, a similar exploration and survey was carried on from Sassordi Harbor, some ten miles north of the previous surveys. This was continued up the Sassordi River across the divide to the Morti, but a like result was obtained, requiring a tunnel of eight miles in length to span the mountain area.

The northern portion of the isthmus, from the Gulf of San Blas to the Pacific, forms the narrowest portion of the continent, but thirty miles in width. The shortness of this line, the appearance of the interior from the sea, and the magnificent harbor, pointed it out as the proper field for still further explorations.

Work was accordingly begun about the 1st of May, and, though the rainy season had set in, the favorable indications of this line filled all with enthusiasm to push ahead in spite of the hardships and obstacles arising from an inclement season. The line of levels was carried up the Mandinga, the largest river emptying into the Atlantic between the Chagres and the Atrato, and crossed the divide at an altitude of eleven hundred feet.

It was continued in a south-southeast direction down the Pacific slope, till, at a distance run by level of twenty-three miles from the sea, it met at the junction of the Marmoni and San José Rivers, with the survey of Mr. Kelley's in 1864, whose engineers ran a line of levels from the Pacific up the Marmoni to this point. This survey, in connection with Mr. Kelley's, gives a line of spirit-levels from ocean to ocean that, following the bed of streams which flow transversely across the isthmus, presents the lowest possible profile. The result showed a mountain area of ten miles that would require to be tunneled, an undertaking too costly to be profitable, if within the limits of engineering, while the other portions of this route present the most favorable aspects.

The southern portion of the isthmus still remains to be explored. The Government proposes to continue these surveys the coming season, which will be carried up the valley of the Tuym, across the divide to the Cacarcia Lake, not far from the mouths of the Atrato. This region was visited by Hellert, an experienced German traveller, in 1845, who reported the divide not over two hundred feet; but this is very unreliable, as he was so unfortunate as to lose his instruments before it was reached. The expedition returned to New York in July, and, though not successful in finding a proper route, have reaped a full reward for their labors in the clearing away of all doubt from three separate routes, and their elimination in the future from the field of research.

### Paintings in the Louvre.

The collection of the Louvre contains at present about two thousand paintings, five hundred of which are of the Italian school, six hundred and twenty of the Northern schools, seven hundred of the French, two hundred and fifty of the Spanish, and the rest of different other schools.

Among those of the Italian school, there are twelve paintings by Raphael, three by Correggio, eighteen by Titian, twenty-two by Albano, thirteen by Paul Veronese, nine by Leonardo da Vinci, eight by Perugini, and four by Giorgione.

Of the Northern school there are forty-two paintings by Rubens, twenty-two by Vandyck, eleven by Gerard Dow, seventeen by Rembrandt, eleven by Philip Wouverman, fourteen by Teniers, seven by Adrian van Ostade, six by Ruysdael, two by Hobbema, eleven by Berghem, ten by Van Huysmans, and three by Lucas van Leyden.

Of the French school, there are forty paintings by Poussin, forty-eight by Lesueur, sixteen by Claude Lorrain, twenty by Philip de Champagne, seventeen by Sebastien Bourdon, twenty-six by Lebrun, twelve by Mignard, forty-one by Joseph Vernet, one by Languillière, one by Watteau, thirteen by David.

Of the Spanish school, there are eleven by Murillo and six by Velasquez.

### English Science.

Nowhere, probably, are text-books so slowly and imperfect as in England; nowhere are even good workers in the rank and file of science so narrow and unenlightened; and no-

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where does the attainment of equal results so little affect the character of the nation. Whether we shall ever succeed in uniting the discipline and organization of French science with the freedom and individuality of our own, is hard to say; but, unless something be done in this direction, we must be content, every now and then, to see a whole branch, like physiology, become almost extinct in this country. The success which has attended the efforts made in Germany (chiefly within this century alone) to establish scientific research in a durable manner, and as a part of the national organization, may at least encourage us to forward the attempt here. In the mean time, as we have no system of establishing and fostering schools, we must hope for men who cannot be repressed.—*Nature*.

#### Souvenir de Paris.

BY FLORA M'ILIMNEY.

What's the world without a Paris?

What are all its joys to me,  
When that lovely town no longer  
Lures me from beyond the sea?  
Every journal brings new anguish:  
Bursting sobs our grief reveal,  
When I dream of days of shopping,  
And Jack murmurs, "Ah! *Mabille*."

Ah! those vanished days of Paris!  
Kneeling counts of ancient birth,  
Begging curls by Cherrel twisted—  
Rumpling dresses built by Worth.  
Oh! the German at the palace!  
Led by that dear Marquis Caux—  
With the empress on the dais,  
While Strauss ruled the floor below.

Blissful days with thee, Bon Marche!  
Gas-lit nights with thee, Musard!  
How my sad feet die to press thee—  
Asphalt of the Boulevard!  
How the hours fled, winged with rapture;  
Tinged with gold Time's dropping sands,  
In that waste of silks and cashmeres,  
In the Compagnie des Indes.

Ah! the German's in the palace,  
But no more the dancers go,  
Swayed by Strauss's magic baton,  
And the gloved hand of De Caux.  
Paris needs no boots of satin  
For the balls that fill the air,  
And no more she sings with Schneider:  
"Ah! *que j'aime les militaires!*"

—*Chicago Republican*.

#### Varieties.

A CAPE COD clergyman one Sabbath had prayed most earnestly for rain. He entreated the Lord to "uncork the bottles of heaven and send down the refreshing showers." The drought had lasted through August and a part of September; Tuesday morning the line-storm began, and continued with great violence till Friday, flooding the country and sweeping off bridges in all directions. Saturday night it set in to rain again, and Sabbath morning it was still pouring down. This time the prayer was as follows: "O Lord, we recently took occasion to entreat Thee to uncork the bottles of heaven and send down the refreshing showers, but we did not mean that the corks should be thrown away."

Henry Crabb Robinson, in his "Diary," relates the following instance of "strict construction": It was a case of settlement at the Clerkenwell sessions, and the question was whether the pauper was settled in parish A. or B.: "The house he occupied was in both parishes, and models both of the house and the bed in which the pauper slept were laid before the court, that it might ascertain how much of his body lay in each parish. The court held the pauper to be settled where his head (being

the nobler part) lay, though one of his legs, at least, and great part of his body, lay out of that parish."

The Oxford local examination division lists for the present year have just been issued: three hundred and thirty-eight senior and six hundred and sixty-seven junior candidates, out of four hundred and eighty senior and eleven hundred and seventy-three juniors, satisfied the examiners. The candidates included nearly fifty girls in each class.

In Frederick the Great's cabinet at Potsdam, the room next to that in which some relics of the old hero are deposited, is a velvet-covered writing-table with a strip torn off it. The tearer is said to have been the first Napoleon, when master of the situation there, to show how completely every thing was in his power.

A bailiff, who, while endeavoring to execute a warrant, had been made by a mob to swallow his writ, returned to the court and reported what had befallen him. Lord Norbury, who was on the bench, quietly remarked that he "hoped the process was not returnable in his court."

Metz is pronounced, by the French, *Mess*; Germans, *Maa*. Nancy is *Nancy*. Worth is naturally *Wert*. Wissembourg is *Vi-sang-bury*. Cologne is *Kohn* or *Colne*. And Saarbrück is, in our letters, *Sar-breik*.

Since the year 1832, one million one hundred and fifty thousand emigrants have left the port of Bremen, in six thousand six hundred and sixty-six vessels, principally for the United States of America.

A short time since a Mr. Knott was tried in an interior county of Georgia for a violation of the law. The verdict of the jury was: "We find the defendant Knott guilty." The judge was at a loss whether to sentence or not.

A Georgian editor has had his pistol stolen. He advertises that he will give the thief the contents, and no questions asked, if he will return it.

According to various European authorities, Napoleon is worth all the way from 0 to \$40,000,000, with chances in favor of the former.

There are many important operations on foot of which the public knows nothing—those of the chiropodists, for instance.

The population of Washington is stated at one hundred and eleven thousand, one hundred and ninety-five.

When reporters are short of time, all they have to do is to make a few minutes.

All women are kleptomaniacs to a certain extent. They will hook dresses.

Cattle are dumb beasts; but, by getting together in large numbers, they make themselves herd.

Railroads have no affections, yet they ought all to have strong ties.

King William asks no Favres from the French.

When women come to sit in the jury-box, possibly infants may get to be criers in court.

Baptism by moonlight is one of the latest novelties out West.

There is one thing which can always be found, and that is fault.

When is water most liable to escape? When it is only half tide.

There are said to be six million dogs in the United States.

The stinging of a bee carries conviction with it. It makes a man a bee-leaver at once.

The number of Jews serving in the German armies amounts to upward of thirty thousand.

In Utah, sweet clover is said to grow six feet high.

In the tropics, summer is perennial, but at Niagara they have a perpetual fall.

Motto for an Arab tribe: Up and Bedouin.

The highest circles—Saturn's rings.

#### The Museum.

OUR geological illustration this week is of the upper cretaceous period. The name *cretaceous* is given to this era in the world's history because the rocks deposited by the sea, at its close, are almost entirely composed of chalk. In an earlier number of the JOURNAL (No. 57, April 30, 1870) we illustrated and described two enormous animals, the remains of which are found in the cretaceous era—the iguanodon and the megalosaurus. The iguanodon was a gigantic reptile over forty feet in length, the largest of all the saurians of the ancient world. The megalosaurus was a huge lizard, nearly forty feet in length. In addition to these animals, this age produced the huge *Mecosaurus*, or Lizard of the Meuse, which will be seen in our present illustration, swimming in the sea. In 1790 a discovery of the fossil remains of a saurian was made in the quarries of rock near Maestricht, a city of the Netherlands, on the banks of the Meuse, which long baffled the science of the naturalist. One saw in it the head of a crocodile; another, that of a whale; and for a long time there was an active discussion among scientific men as to its true character. But its exact zoological place was in time assigned by Cuvier. This famous head may now be seen in the Museum of Natural History in Paris. Cuvier, aided by Adrian Camper, a great anatomist, proved that the bones of this fossil belonged neither to a fish, nor a whale, nor a crocodile, but rather to a particular genus of saurian reptiles, intermediate between the ordinary lizards and the lacertian monitors, a tribe of the saurians with forked and extensible tongue. The dimensions of this aquatic lizard are estimated at twenty-four feet.

The history of this fossil is very interesting—quite a romance, indeed. Near Maestricht, on the western bank of the Meuse, there rises a solid mass of cretaceous formation, known as St. Peter's Rocks. It is remarkably rich in marine fossils, many of which have been collected, and are now exhibited at the British Museum. One Hoffman, surgeon of the garrison there, who was forming a collection of fossils, in 1790 discovered the gigantic head of this new reptile. The discovery excited so much interest, and jealousy even, that the chapter of the Church of Maestricht claimed, by right of property, the possession of the fossil. It was surrendered, after a lawsuit, to the dean of the chapter. But in 1794 Maestricht was captured by the French army. A *savant* on the general's staff claimed the fossil as a trophy. It was seized, carefully packed, and transmitted to the Museum of Natural History at Paris. Then began a sharp controversy among the naturalists as to its real character. Pamphlet after pamphlet came from the press, and the discussion waxed warm, until, as already mentioned, the question was finally settled by Cuvier and Camper.

The vegetation of the cretaceous period approaches that of our days, consisting of ferns, cycadeæ, mingled with palms and willows.

We have mentioned that the rocks composing this era are formed of chalk. If one examines a piece of chalk with a microscope, he will discover that it is composed of a mass of minute and divers kinds of shells, so small that a hundred and fifty placed end to end will occupy the space of about the twelfth part of an inch. All these cretaceous rocks formed originally the bed of the sea, but were eventually thrown up by convulsions of Nature. They are simply—amazing as it may appear—the accumulation of untold myriads of the shells of zoophytes, polyps, and other minute

creatures which swarmed in the ancient seas. When these animals died, their bodies decomposed, but the indestructible matter forming their testaceous covering settled and accumulated in solid masses at the bottom of the sea, until, in the course of vast ages, the rocks

described as the cretaceous were formed, and eventually were raised above the sea-level and became dry land. Prof. Huxley has told us, in his fascinating style, the "Story of a Piece of Chalk" (see "Lay Sermons and Addresses," just published by D. Appleton

& Co.), a story more marvellous as a romance than any conception of poetry or fiction in literature.

The cretaceous period completes the subdivisions of what is known as the Secondary Epoch.



Illustrations of Geology.—Ideal Landscape of the Cretaceous Period.

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